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SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Sir John Lubbock's experiments, whether with the animal or the insect world, are always interesting. His obvious hope is to discover and develop what mental powers, if any, they possess; but unlike most enthusiasts of this kind, he is always honest and dependable. We do not get from him those instances of miraculous sagacity which are described by the ordinary newspaper correspondent. Moreover, he confesses his failures. After a long series of experiments with his dog, for example, with cards with "food" printed on them and blank cards, it brought the "food" card, which, of course, always gave it a meal, a hundred and twenty-six times, and the blank card only four times; but when a friend came to witness this feat of instinct it brought the blank card three times running. This was enough to vex a saint, one would think, let alone a philosopher. The fact seems to be that whatever intelligence a dog may have outside his own vocation is not to be depended upon. He is not certain of his facts, and even when right in nine cases out of ten, is just as likely to be wrong in the tenth case, though it may be exactly similar to the others. What Sir John's views are as to the dog's natural acquirements, as attributed to him in anecdotes of instinct (such as his going in a hamper by train from London to Edinburgh and coming back alone by road) I have never heard, but should very much like to hear them, for he is not a man to take facts at secondhand for granted.

My own dear Rip, a fox-terrier of great intelligence, to judge by his speaking eyes, though brought up in a literary atmosphere does not recognise print when he sees it, or "know one card from another." Beyond waiting for his food when he has been told to "trust," which he does with great unwillingness, and an evident conviction that I am a fool for exercising that power of veto, he has no outside accomplishments, but his solicitude for his own comfort is marked by a zeal and wisdom not inferior to those of a chronic invalid. Though excessively greedy, he never snatches at a dainty, but takes it, even from a stranger's hand, with a ladylike gentility that earns him a second morsel. In the morning he makes a tour of the bed-rooms of the family, and if he finds anyone suffering from indisposition he makes a note of it. Directly after breakfast he flies to the apartment in question like the needle to the pole, and demands admission under the bedclothes. That this is not all devotion to the sick is but too manifest, since he only does this in cold weather. Still, as a fond wife with a selfish husband, we love him none the less, and, indeed, admire him the more for his cunning tactics. He delights in his "outings" like a servant girl, and at the magic word ("out") becomes frantic with excitement. One of them is to accompany the man-servant to post the letters, but when Saturday night comes (when it is useless to do so from London) he is just as anxious to be off as on the other days, and is unable to draw any deduction from his many weekly disappointments. In this respect he falls far short of clever dogs in books. On the other hand, he does not demand the violent delights in which most of his race rejoice. The mouse in the pantry, the bumble-bee in the drawing-room, satisfy all his passions for the chase. It is on record that during a visit to some sporting friends in the country he had an encounter with a buck-rabbit which did not end in the usual way. It was not the rabbit that bolted. He will follow a cat with every appearance of being on the war-path until the cat turns round, when he shows his horror of swearing. In the way of prudence, indeed, I have known no human being to be his equal, but with that virtue his intellectual merits are exhausted.

Now, Fluff, my Persian cat, used to show herself in this respect a thousand times his superior. As a playmate she improved every day, like one who practises golf or lawn-tennis. At hide-and-seek she became quite a champion player, waiting patiently for me to hide, and then discovering me in the most sagacious manner. When it was her turn to be sought, she would spring out—but never before the proper time—with the greatest vigour and *élan*, and when coming "home," generally ran up the drawing-room curtains. She fell a victim to envy. My young folks objected to her because certain dainties were reserved for her of which they thought they ought to have had the refusal. It was her custom to sit on my right shoulder at dinner and share my meal. They persuaded me to allow a toy-cat they had purchased to be fastened on one occasion on my left shoulder. It was a dreadful-looking creature, as large as my Persian, but with protruding eyes, exaggerated teeth, and no tongue. As Fluff put forward her pretty paw for a piece of fish, she caught sight of this apparition for the first time, and with an appalling cry—just such a one as you would give if you saw a ghost—fled from the apartment. Fluff never was herself again. She knew that she had been a victim to revenge and been given over to the tormentors by the very person who was bound to defend her. She left the house at once and took up her quarters at a neighbour's, and only after much solicitation was induced to return. Things were never again as they had been between us. This seems to me to point to a much higher development of feeling, if not of intelligence, than we read of in anecdotes of instinct.

To those, however, who judge of an animal's intelligence by his adaptability, all examples of it are put into the shade by that of the monkey Consul, recently deceased at Manchester. To see Consul sitting at table with his human friend, "drinking his wine 'like a man' and taking his food with the nicest appreciation of the uses of the knife, fork, and spoon, and serviette," must have been a spectacle indeed. Why, oh! why was not Professor Garner one of the company to interpret his fascinating conversation! Consul, we are told, always accompanied his owner—or since the abolition of slavery should we not rather call him his patron?—on his railway journeys, where he had a seat by himself at the window and cordially acknowledged the sometimes tumultuous salutations of the beholders. Consul's death, the approach of which gave him no alarms, happened not *Consul Planco*, but only the other day. As the county lady observed to her husband when she heard of the poor curate's demise, "It's too late now, but I am sorry I never asked him to dinner."

In the old histories of literature there is very little said about those persons on the last rung of the ladder—the literary begging-letter writers. The Post Office arrangements did not give them the facilities they enjoy at present, or the popular author was not so successful or well paid as to make him worth their attention. For these importunate gentry, forgetful of the proverb that "Hawks do not peck out hawks' een," almost exclusively confine their attentions to members of that craft to which they themselves pretend to belong. Perhaps they shrewdly suspect that the world at large is not much interested in the affairs of Grub Street, whereas the literary man, being above all things what his contempters call "shoppy," is easily moved by a tale of non-success in his own line. Men of letters are generally open-handed, and almost universally averse to trouble, and, like the unjust judge, are far too weak to resist importunity. They may have a strong suspicion that they are being done, but the bother of investigation is too much for them. A member of the Charity Organisation Society once told me that authors encouraged imposture more than all the other professions put together. The Society's last report does not say this, but if any literary person should give himself the pains, which is doubtful, to read it, he will certainly recognise the portraits of some old friends. Where these have found their greatest advantage over him is in his neglect to send back something they have forwarded to him as a guarantee of good faith—a paragraph from some obscure newspaper—the only copy, as it turns out, of the man's supreme literary effort—or a very filthy pawn-ticket, to show how poor he is, or a medical certificate, the very appearance of which suggests infection. The literary person averse to disagreeable spectacles often throws these things into the fire directly he sets eyes on them, the result of which is that he has a pensioner for life. Where is a man to look for help after these precious documents have been destroyed if not to the person to whose carelessness their irrevocable loss is owing? But if he has not this solid ground for compensation, the begging-letter writer has many particular claims upon his literary victim. He had once the happiness of belonging to a printing establishment when one of the author's "delightful works" was passing through the press, and trusts that the humble finger he has had in the pie of his success will plead for him; or he has been an artist who has assisted to produce the coloured pictures which flame on the cheap editions of the author's works upon the bookstalls; or, "whether his appeal is listened to or not," he shall never forget the amusement and instruction he has derived from Mr. Jones's genius—and I am not sure that this does not "fetch" Mr. Jones more than all his other arguments.

Nevertheless, as a past master among the victims of the begging-letter writer, I venture to suggest a few alterations and improvements in the method of application. The very carelessness of the persons from whom they get their living, and on which they mainly count for it, should teach them a little prudence and forethought: they need not keep their books by double entry, but they might make notes on their shirt-cuffs (when they have any) of the dates on which their applications have been made. It is impossible that they can have had an addition to their family on Nov. 4 and then again on Dec. 4. A reasonable time should be allowed, not, indeed, for the operations of nature, for those may be disregarded, but for the circumstances in question to have escaped the memory of the proposed victim. Again, I cannot but think it a mistake after having obtained the exact sum (half a guinea) requisite "to reinstate me in my proper position," to write by return of post for "thirty shillings more, on account of a miscalculation of my finances." A third and very common plan that I think might be dispensed with is the application for a loan when that for a gift has had a considerable and continuous success. Even a literary person who has bled freely is irritated at this new method of depletion, which, in addition to its other advantages, establishes a link with the very person he yearns to get rid of. It is said that the best way to shake off a disagreeable acquaintance is to lend him money, but this only grapples you to the begging-letter writer with hooks of steel.

The author of "Talks with the Trade," in *Lippincott*, has been discanting in the current number of that magazine

upon "the personal element" as regards editorial acceptance. An eminent individual of his acquaintance tells him that "he would always rather deal with a person he knows than with a stranger." In business affairs generally this is certainly not the usual view. It is often a serious addition to the calamity of falling ill that one feels a certain obligation to consult a doctor who happens to belong to one's own family. Of course, he may be a most scientific individual, but if he were not one's nephew or one's brother-in-law we should not think of calling him in. The fees, it is said, should not be allowed to go out of the family, but thanks to that involuntary choice, some patients have gone out of their family themselves. It is the same thing with our legal adviser: it may be the right and natural thing to give a relative "a leg up" by employing him in one's law cases, but secretly one would rather have a free hand. This difficulty is perhaps felt more by an editor than anybody. I remember a distant relative of Thackeray complaining with great bitterness that an article of his had been rejected for the *Cornhill*, notwithstanding that he had instanced his kinship as a reason why he should be treated favourably. "An editor, my dear Sir," Thackeray had replied in returning his manuscript, "has no relative." This I thought a very just reproof of the bad taste of the applicant, an opinion, however, which he did not share. "What is the good," he inquired, "of one's being another fellow's cousin if he won't strain a point in his favour?" A most touching instance of right feeling in such a case was Adelaide Proctor's behaviour to Dickens. Her family were, of course, well acquainted with him, and therefore none of her contributions were forwarded to him under her own name. The discovery was caused by his reading one of them aloud in her presence with his usual enthusiasm for new and unknown talent. However fair and well-principled an editor may be, he is still human (though the rejected contributor does not always think so), and the introduction of "the personal element" is always disagreeable to him. If the man is his friend it is undoubtedly more difficult to say "No" to him than if he were a stranger. How could a publisher get on who always published the productions of his friends? Yet he is at least free to do as he pleases, while the editor has to consult the interests of his journal, which probably belongs to his employer. If he indulges a weakness in this matter, it is therefore at somebody else's expense. As to the temptation mentioned in the article in question of the solicitation of "millionaires," that is not very common in this country. If it were, a neat form of reply would be "Manuscript received, but no enclosure." What editors here do suffer from pretty often are applications from members of the aristocracy. When her Grace presents her compliments with her contribution some editors apparently cannot resist her; and even those with the most iron nerves do not like to say exactly what they think of it. She does not understand that good articles (like "kind hearts") are "more than coronets" to him, and it is so difficult to break to her that her articles are not good. This too gorgeous seeker after literary fame is generally particular about her signature being appended to her contribution, and sometimes exhibits considerable solicitude as to how much she is to get for it.

There is nothing succeeds with us like success, but it is apt to produce failure in other people. As our whole vocation, the poet tells us, is endless imitation, we are scarcely to be blamed for taking popular writers as our models, and trying to rival their efforts with inefficient materials; but the result is no less to be deplored. For how many total failures in the way of historical novels have not Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Weyman been unconsciously responsible? These have sometimes a taint. There is no reason why they should not be as good as the best. We have no prejudice against them until we begin to read them, but the very first chapter is a disappointment. Their authors have the same sort of stuff to work with as their masters; but they do not deal at the same shop. The material supplied to them is inferior. Mr. Rider Haggard, again, is responsible for a good many would-be romancers, who, with all the goodwill in the world to curdle our blood, do not possess his recipe for doing it. Their horrible pictures no more affect us than the sight of a butcher's shop. Under these circumstances, one cannot but welcome a book which, though it may be in some sort an imitation, is not a copy. If the author of "The Iron Pirate" is content to tread in the footsteps of Jules Verne, he does so with no unequal feet. It seems to me that he is little if at all inferior to his master. His work, from its family likeness to that of the author in question, will no doubt labour under the disadvantage of being set down as "a boy's book"; but I can fancy some rather old boys being pleased with it. The idea of a ship—apparently of gold, though it is only bronze—which with a powerful armament and a speed of twenty-five knots an hour defies the navies of the world, is surely original. She has not got to coal anywhere, for her engines are driven by gas. Her mode of procedure is to board great liners known to be carrying bullion, and after relieving them of their cargoes to sink them. There is, therefore, nobody to tell tales, and the captain of the *Iron Pirate* gets exceedingly rich. The female element is slight, but one does not seem to miss it.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The privilege has been granted me of taking a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the Christmas preparations at Olympia. You will say, perhaps, that this is not literally a playhouse. But surely it is a playhouse in every sense of the word, perhaps the very largest playhouse ever devised for the generous amusement of the people, who at this period of civilisation have determined definitely and decidedly to get as much music, melody, dance, grace, instruction and refinement, and pictorial illustration as they can into their harmless pleasures and recreations. It was a difficult task, no doubt, for the energetic and enterprising directors of Olympia to decide upon the form of amusement that should follow "Venice" and "Constantinople." With them there is, apparently, luck in even as well as odd numbers, but a third show at Olympia was not a matter to be lightly discussed. To begin with, the public at large had "voted solid," as they say in America, for Olympia. Here they found exactly the kind of entertainment that suited their tastes and their purses as well. It was cheap but nice, and it was found that the spectacle devised on so grand a scale gave to the spectator the same kind of welcome change that is afforded by a trip to the Continent, or, in fact, any break in the monotony of life.

My own experience is that the English people never turn their backs on a good thing. It is utterly erroneous to suppose that they prefer what is vulgar, low, and demoralising to what is pretty, picturesque, and pleasantly instructive. They have long been of opinion that amusements generally are far too dear, and when they can hear an oratorio or a miscellaneous concert of high-class music for a few pence, they crowd the hall in which it is given to suffocation. Think, for instance, of the value of an expended shilling at Olympia. A sudden change from the dullness and depression of London to the bright colour and pretty costume of the East, and not mere fancy ball costume—no making up of Cockney men and women as Arabians, Syrians, or Damascenes, but the actual people in the habit as they work before your eyes at the trades in which they are distinguished. In essence, it is a fair; but a fair of pleasure divorced from roughness and rowdiness—no scratchbacks or scent-squirters, no yells or screams, no Arryism or Arrietism at Olympia. The roughest of the rough would be civilised by the mere contemplation of Olympia. Now I will give a complete instance and illustration of what I mean, and it is a practical one. When the same company organised the cheap refreshment-houses or tea-shops that adorn the business quarters of London, with tea, coffee, cakes, and sweets, something on the Parisian Duval system, it was urged in opposition to the scheme that the fare provided was so good and so cheap that the roughest of artisans would elbow the clerk classes and middle classes out of the shops. On the contrary, the mere brightness, charm, gaiety, and attractiveness of these places frighten the artisan away until he has washed up. "Shall we go in there, Bill, for a cheap cup of corfee?" "Yes, when we have washed up and made ourselves decent!" And so it is with such places as Olympia in the world of amusement. The price is relatively as cheap as at the new tea and cake shops, but the place is so beautiful, so bright, so alluring, so dainty and graceful that Jim, Jack, Bill, the missus and the kids, are all induced to "wash up" before they enter the doors of this palace of pleasure. And it is not only the material "wash up" that I mean, not only the mere soap and water, Sunday dress, bonnet, and jacket, but a general "wash up" in order, method, and manners. I believe that the people at large are made more orderly, law-abiding, courteous, and self-respecting by the refinement of amusement. Dear me, how very wrong are those that preach the damnation of pleasure, and who warn their hearers that amusement is the antechamber of Hades! What harm has music ever done?—music in the parks, music where people most resort, music always on Sundays, melody and music everywhere. Look at the scene when an organ-grinder goes down a blind alley, how the careworn wrinkled faces smile, how the little children dance, how dull, dead-sadden life seems suddenly to be exhilarated, and yet we are only just waking up to the knowledge that this tremendous London of ours has been allowed to be depressed and sodden, and dead-alive and drunken, and crammed to suffocation with public-houses and gin-palaces because we will not give the people more music, more song, more fantasy, more colour. They don't want to be dirty and degraded at all: they want an excuse for a "wash up."

Olympia cannot get away from the East. We shall see at Christmas that the Orient is not exhausted. We shall see the shops and corners and side streets filled again with gaiety and colour. We shall see on the stage a spectacle such as has never been devised before, and on the lake a civic procession that will take old memories back to the days when the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Aldermen, and City Companies took the Thames at the Tower and proceeded up to Westminster in state. And lastly, with the full permission of the London County Council, we shall see attached to Olympia a winter or palm-garden, protected from the cold and wintry blast, where the pleasure-loving and law-abiding citizen can sit under green trees and refresh himself decently with his friends or his family. Such liberty as this no London citizen has ever abused. It has enlightened and civilised many who would otherwise go in despair to the public-house. The tyranny against which the Londoner

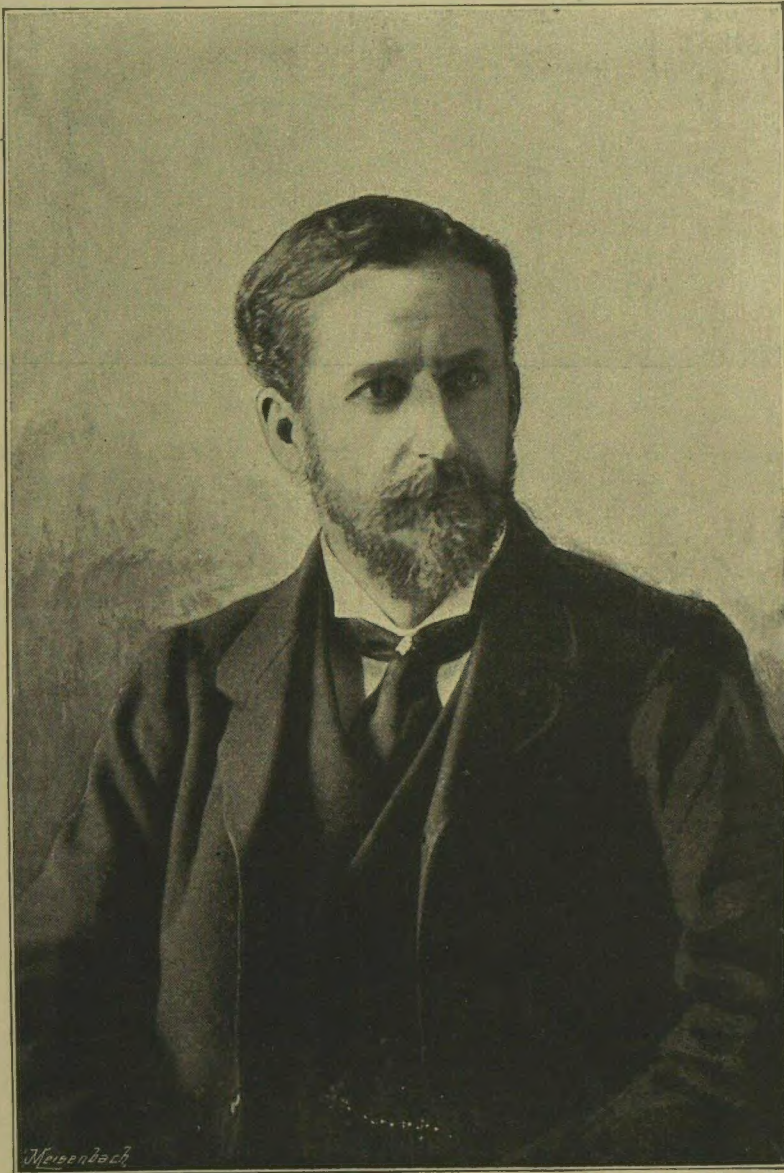
has justly complained is the tyranny of Puritanism, that looks upon pleasure and amusement as essentially sinful, and as such to be crushed out of existence. We do not want less of Olympia, but more Olympias, not only at Kensington but "down East," where the weary workers are literally pining for pleasure in the other "Orient" over the borders, where they work so patiently, so doggedly, in this awful world of London, but with so little brightness in their sky, so little sunshine to pierce their cloud of gloom. We cannot create suns or blue skies, but we can bring to the front music and dance and picture and song.

The merry play "Dr. Bill," of Hamilton Aidé, that made a small fortune when originally produced at the Avenue, has been successfully revived at the Court, where Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lottie Venne, and Miss Edith Kenward are naturally great favourites. The farce is preceded by a little comedy by Mr. George Bancroft, who shows that he has got the enviable gifts of tenderness and good taste.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

Lord George Hamilton, who has been elected to the chair of the new School Board for London, is an old and experienced public servant. He began life in the Army,



LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, M.P., CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

and entered public life twenty-six years ago. From 1874 to 1878 he was Under-Secretary for India, and from 1878 to 1880 Vice-President of the Council of Education. In 1885 Lord George was First Lord of the Admiralty for a brief period, and when the Conservative party returned to office in the following year, he was once more "ruler of the Queen's Navy," holding that office till 1892. His experience as Minister of Education cannot fail to be of much service in the duties which he has undertaken in the Educational Parliament of the metropolis. But as Lord George is only in his forty-ninth year, it is highly probable that he will be summoned again to the service of the State before long. He is the third son of the first Duke of Abercorn, and brother of the present Duke.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

The most popular composer of to-day is, without doubt, Sir Arthur Sullivan. Apropos of the production at the Savoy Theatre of his new opera, we give a portrait of the eminent musician, with a cordial wish that he may soon recover from the accident he has recently sustained. Arthur Sullivan was born fifty-two years ago in London, and at an early age became a choir-boy at the Chapel Royal, where, later, Edward Lloyd sang as a youth. Not long ago he remarked that one of his first musical emotions was hearing Jenny Lind sing "O, for the wings of a dove!" He gained the Mendelssohn Scholarship in 1856 at the Royal Academy of Music, and diligently studied his art there and at Leipzig afterwards. He was then, and is now, a fine player on the pianoforte. In nearly every department of musical composition Sir Arthur Sullivan has achieved success. Before he had attained his twentieth year his music to Shakspeare's "Tempest" had won favour; cantatas

and oratorios rapidly followed one another, and, together with delightful songs, soon made his name famous. The partnership between himself and Mr. W. S. Gilbert commenced with the production of "Trial by Jury," in 1875. This was the first of the brilliant series of burlesque operettas which the world owes to this unique union. Perhaps, of all their subsequent successes, none was more universal in its character than that which attended "H.M.S. Pinafore." The humour of the librettist was only equalled by the dainty wit which characterised the music, and for seven hundred nights in London the piece ran. In the United States and in other parts of the world it has had immense popularity. Another exceedingly happy hit was "The Mikado," which drew equal laughter from the Londoner or the Berliner. But it is unnecessary to catalogue what is within every playgoer's happy memory. Equally superfluous is it to record that Sir Arthur is the composer of "The Lost Chord," or that "The Golden Legend," produced in 1886, is another of his triumphs. In 1883 the Queen, who is an especial admirer of his music, conferred knighthood upon Sir Arthur Sullivan.

PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK'S WEDDING.

After a brief postponement owing to the death of the bride's aunt, the wedding of Prince Adolphus of Teck and Lady Margaret Grosvenor took place at Eaton Hall on Dec. 12. The inhabitants of the ancient city of Chester are as keenly interested in any event which concerns the Duke of Westminster's family as Richmond residents are in the affairs of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. The old city therefore bore many signs of rejoicing on this occasion when a youthful member of the House of Grosvenor became a royal bride. The bridegroom bears the heavy burden of the following Christian names: Adolphus Charles Alexander Albert Edward George Philip Louis Ladislaus; he is the eldest son of the popular Duchess of Teck, cousin of her Majesty the Queen, and of the Duke of Teck, G.C.B. He was born Aug. 13, 1868, and is fourteen months the junior of his sister, the Duchess of York. He has attained to a lieutenantancy in the 17th Lancers. He inherits that esteem of society which has always been the possession of his mother, and has made friends wherever he has gone. The bride resembles that nation which is called happy, in having no history. Lady Margaret Evelyn Grosvenor is the third daughter of the Duke of Westminster, K.G., by his first marriage, with Lady Constance Gertrude Leveson-Gower, youngest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland. Her age is about the same as that of Prince Adolphus. Very handsome presents have been bestowed on the bride and bridegroom. The Queen has given a splendid oval silver tray with fluted edge and large handles; on the surface are engraved the arms of the bridegroom. To the bride her Majesty gave personally a diamond swallow brooch. A conjoint gift from the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales is a magnificent chest of plate; in addition to this the Prince and Princess sent the bride a large diamond crescent, which was worn by her at the wedding ceremony. Another portion of her attire which was particularly interesting was the beautiful lace veil, which was worn by the Duchess of Teck and also by the Duchess of York on similar occasions. Other presents, which may be mentioned briefly, are a diamond tiara for the bride from the Duchess of Teck, and two silver salvers from his mother to the bridegroom. The Duke of Teck gave fine silver candelabra, and a gold hairpin to the bride. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha sent a charming silver dish with greyhound heads as handles; the Duke of Cambridge gave a cheque to his nephew, and silver-gilt candlesticks; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, a three-handled silver cup; and Prince and Princess Christian gave an old brass-mounted bureau. Splendid jewellery was also received from the Duke and Duchess of Westminster and their family, and from many of the bride's personal friends.

The private chapel attached to Eaton Hall has never had within its walls so brilliant a congregation as assembled before noon on Dec. 12 to witness the marriage. The building was florally decorated, and the uniforms of the guard of honour from the 17th Lancers lent additional brightness of colour to the scene. In a pew facing the altar sat the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Duchess of Westminster. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis of Lorne, the Bishop of Chester, his Honour Judge Hughes ("Tom Brown"), the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, Count Mensdorff, the Earl and Countess of Macclesfield, Lady Chesham, the Hon. G. Wyndham, M.P., the Dean of Chester, and Mr. W. Bromley-Davenport, M.P. The bride arrayed in rich white English satin, was attended to the altar by her father, and there were six bridesmaids, wearing ivory white silk. The officiating clergy were the Rev. G. A. Robbins, Vicar of Eccleston, the Rev. Canon Morris, chaplain to the Duke of Westminster, and the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glynn, Rector of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. The bridegroom was accompanied by his brother, Prince Francis of Teck, as best man. The royal register, brought by command of the Queen from the Chapel Royal, was signed by the contracting parties and certain relatives. After the service the wedding-breakfast took place in the Marble Hall, and in the afternoon Prince and Princess Adolphus of Teck departed for Lilleshall, Newport, which has been placed at their disposal by the Duke of Sutherland.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS' DOG, "JACK."

An obituary notice, with the accompanying portrait, though not in the page entitled "Personal"—why not? some advocates of canine personality may ask—shall be allowed to the memory of "Jack," the faithful companion of Mr. Justice Hawkins, constantly seen in the precincts of the Royal Courts of Justice, and on circuit at the Assizes in different towns of England and Wales. This animal, one of a very choice breed of small smooth-haired fox-terriers, was given to Sir Henry Hawkins early in 1881, being then a puppy, by the late Lord Falmouth. Jack has always been a dear favourite with his master and of Lady Hawkins, and, indeed, with all their acquaintance. He used to sleep in Sir Henry's bed-room. In 1893 the good old little dog had a serious illness, but, aided by the unremitting care of Professor Atkinson and Mr. Bush, of the Animals' Institute, recovered before the end of last year. Now, to the very great grief of his owner, with whom many will sympathise, Jack has been suddenly carried off by an attack of some disease, probably unavoidable at his age; and we add our sincere condolence upon this occasion.

The Pope has decided to hold a Consistory during the first fortnight of January, at which Cardinals will be created in such proportions as to give the Italians a secure majority in the conduct of affairs of the Sacred College.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, once popular indeed, do not seem to have made their customary headway into popularity this year. Time after time, on Monday evenings, and despite the attractions of Lady Hallé, the famous orchestral benches (that home of culture and devout attention) have been woefully bare and untenanted. Time

was when St. James's Hall boasted that none knew the colour of those famous benches; the squalid secret is public enough now. And the reason of this? We find it in the pooriness of the programmes. Week before last an immense Smetana was hurled, in all its dullness, at our heads; and we had scarcely recovered when, last Monday,



SIR HENRY HAWKINS' FAVOURITE DOG, "JACK."

the very same Smetana was dished up by Lady Hallé, Messrs. Reid, Gibson, and Ould. At the same time, indeed, they played the thing very well: it was the thing that pleased us not, neither upon a first nor upon a second hearing. Miss Dale, it is to be added, sang on Monday with an effect of great personal charm, but those programmes must be revised with greater forethought if the concerts are to retain their honourable name,

FATHER ROSSIGNOLI, FROM THE SOUDAN.

The fate of several Europeans captured by the forces of the Mahdi in the Soudan, before and after the fall of Khartoum, over ten years ago, has never yet been ascertained. One of them, Father Rossignoli, a Jesuit Roman Catholic missionary, of Italian birth, a member of the Austrian religious Mission to Central Africa, recently escaped from Omdurman, assisted by a native Soudanese guide, and made his way to Egypt. He was made a prisoner at Khartoum when General Gordon was killed. The detailed account of his long captivity among the "Der-vishes," as the followers of the Mahdi are now usually called, will probably soon be published when he comes to Europe. In the meantime, he has been cordially received at Cairo; and we have to thank Major F. R. Wingate for sending us photographs, taken by Messrs. G. Lekegian and Co., of the missionary and his African native guide, whose presence in that city has excited much interest, and sympathy with them for all the hardships and perils they have endured.

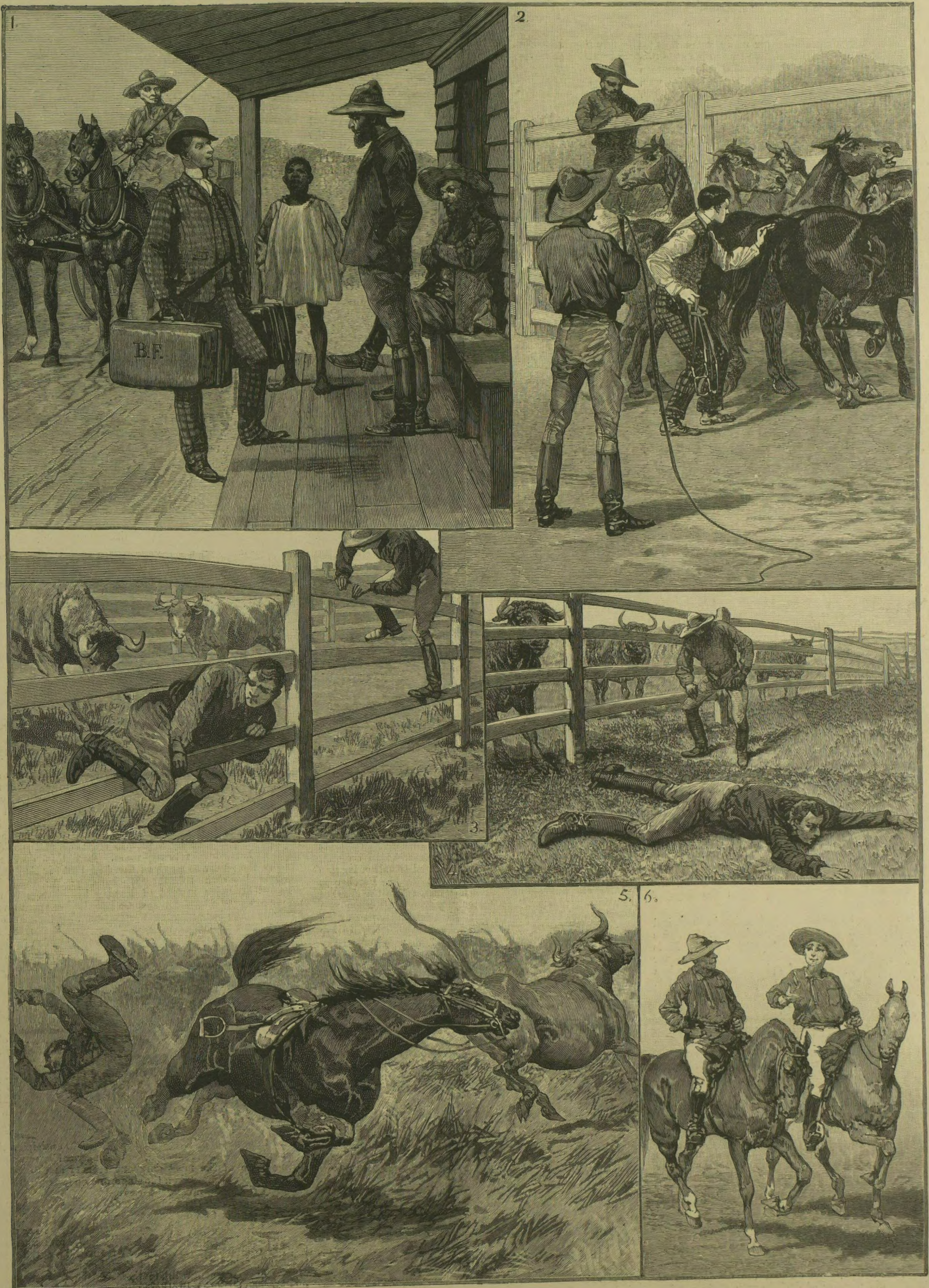
The Egyptian Council of Ministers has approved the appointment of Sir Benjamin Baker as technical adviser to the Department of Public Works for the projected Nile reservoirs.

The Court which has been inquiring at Auckland, New Zealand, into the loss of the steamer *Wairarapa* on Great Barrier Island on Oct. 28, when 134 lives were lost, has pronounced its judgment. It finds the captain, who was drowned, alone blamable for the loss of the vessel; considers that the chief officer showed neglect subsequent to the wreck; and that when the wreck occurred the ship's company did not do all that is expected of British seamen.



FATHER ROSSIGNOLI AND HIS GUIDE, ESCAPED FROM OMDURMAN, IN THE SOUDAN.

Photo by G. Lekegian and Co., Cairo.



COLONIAL EXPERIENCES.

1. The arrival, suitably (!) dressed, at the station.
4. Assisted to do so.

2. First experience in catching your horse.
5. Unaccustomed to sudden turns or doubles.

3. Getting away from a fall by climbing through a fence.
6. Fighting our battles o'er again.

PERSONAL.

The latest addition to the forty French "Immortals," M. Henri Houssaye, has achieved, quietly and unostentatiously, a great deal of good and sound historical research work. He began his literary career when only nineteen with a "History of Apelles," which was in reality a brilliant study on Greek art, for the young writer had at one time turned his attention to painting and sculpture. A long sojourn in Greece resulted in a work on Alcibiades and the Athenian Republic, which was awarded, a year after its publication, the Academic 20,000 f. prize founded by M. Thiers. After remaining for many years faithful to ancient Greece, M. Henri Houssaye turned his attention to Gaul, and a clever pamphlet published some eighteen years ago describing the first siege of Paris, B.C. 52, was, both from an archaeological and military point of view, a real *tour de force*. He probably owes his election to Leconte de Lisle's fauteuil in the French Academy to his lately published volumes on "Napoleon the First's Decline and Fall, 1814 and 1815." M. Houssaye is personally popular in Parisian society, the more so that he is known to have won the Legion of Honour while fighting under the walls of Paris during the Franco-German War.

The new Academician is blessed with a father whose reputation has up to the present time far exceeded his own, for M. Arsène Houssaye has become one of the traditional glories of the lighter and more frivolous literary world on the Continent. He celebrated his jubilee as a writer eight years ago, for he made his debut as a novelist in 1836 with two novels written in the easy, half-autobiographical style which he has made his own. It is, however, as the most successful administrator that the Théâtre Français has ever possessed that Arsène Houssaye will go down in the literary history of our time. During his reign at La Maison de Molière over a hundred brilliantly successful plays were produced, and among his authors were Victor Hugo, Dumas père and fils, Emile Augier, Alfred de Musset, George Sand, and Sandeau. Arsène Houssaye's fertility has been truly astounding: he has frequently brought out as many as three stories or compilations in one year. He has at various times made use of at least eight pseudonyms, including that of "Lord Pilgrim." M. Houssaye has outlived almost all his contemporaries, but he is to be met at most Parisian journalistic gatherings, and might easily, as the late Francis Magnard once remarked, be taken for the favourite younger son of the grave and learned historian whom he calls "*mon fils*."

The late Dr. John Chapman's curious and picturesque rooms in the Strand were a centre of the unorthodox



Photo by Mayall.

THE LATE DR. JOHN CHAPMAN.

literary society of the early fifties. There it was that young Herbert Spencer brought his father to call on Miss Evans ("George Eliot"). Cruikshank, Emerson, Miss Bremer, Florence Nightingale—only long before the Crimean War—George Henry Lewes, were but a few of those who constantly met each other at the weekly evening gatherings held by the editor of the then brilliant and newly founded *Westminster Review*. Dr. Chapman was fond of telling stories of Emerson and Carlyle: the latter, indignant at his American guest's lack of belief in the devil, showed him the sights of London, including the advanced thinkers of the day, for whom the Sage of Chelsea had a well-known aversion.

There is said to be serious apprehension in theatrical circles about the effect of the correspondence in the *Times* on the subject of the "Modern Society Play." It is suggested that the Lord Chamberlain may be so far influenced by this expression of opinion as to put a ban even upon plays as masterly as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." But it is impossible for any instructed observer to take those wild and whirling letters in the *Times* very seriously. They are written for the most part by people whose judgment is absolutely uncritical, and who demand that nothing shall be represented on the stage which differs from their standards of life and character. To make the drama suffer for such an outbreak of prejudice is not a policy that can commend itself to the Lord Chamberlain.

Sir William Harcourt's apparent indifference to public affairs is exciting much anxiety in his party. At this critical juncture in the fortunes of the Ministry Sir William finds the charms of his own fireside irresistible. He has not uttered a word in public since Parliament was prorogued. A semi-official explanation of this peculiar silence has caused the enemy to blaspheme. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is said, warned his colleagues at the end of "a long and laborious Session" that he would not be able to undertake any public work during the recess. But that was four months ago, and as far as anybody knows, Sir William is in the enjoyment of robust health. What does he think of the agitation against the House of Lords? And what does he think of Brigg?

Lord Herschell has again excited the displeasure of the Radicals by his manner of dealing with their nominations for the office of justice of the peace. When he receives a list of candidates from a member of his own party, instead of appointing these gentlemen without delay he makes inquiries about them. He even solicits information from Tories. This is more than the Radical

members can stand, and so the Lord Chancellor is once more the target of heated objurgations.

The Brigg election is undoubtedly a sore disappointment to the Government. It is the second seat they have lost



Photo by Dickinson.

MR. J. MAUNSELL RICHARDSON,
M.P. for Brigg Division, Lincolnshire.

within a month. In 1892 Mr. Waddy's majority was 427, and this has been turned by Mr. Richardson into a Tory majority of 77. Mr. Richardson, who had contested the seat unsuccessfully twice before, is one of the best-known sportsmen in Lincolnshire, Master of the Brocklesby hounds, and husband of the Dowager Countess of Yarborough. A better candidate for his party it would have been impossible to find. The Parish Council elections, on which the Government relied to rouse Radical enthusiasm, did not answer expectations. Lord Tweedmouth, who, considering that he is a member of the Cabinet, speaks his mind with singular freedom, says the Government ought not to have made the vacancy before the new register came into force. The Minister who was responsible must be greatly delighted by this opinion from the Lord Privy Seal.

Mr. Waddy, whose appointment to the Recordership of Sheffield caused the vacancy in the Brigg division, is regarded by many Nonconformists as a victim of Liberal ingratitude. He gave his health, strength, and purse to the Liberal cause for many years, and all his reward is a Recordership worth £200 a year. On the other hand, it is asserted that Mr. Waddy actually desired this post because Sheffield is his native place. Whatever the merits of the dispute, it is certain that Mr. Waddy was believed by some of the Brigg electors to have suffered very shabby treatment at the hands of the Government.

Mr. William Q. Judge has made a voluminous reply to the onslaught of the *Westminster Gazette* on the Mahatmas. If any Theosophist is satisfied by Mr. Judge's explanation he must have an extremely obliging disposition. For in this statement from Mr. Judge there is absolutely nothing but bare assertion. "I did receive messages from the Mahatmas," he says in effect, "but I am not going to tell you how it was done, for you would not understand even if I did." That is practically the whole of Mr. Judge's judicial summing-up. By the way, Miss Esther Milworthy gives some delightful examples in the *Westminster Gazette* of the habitual fraud of Madame Blavatsky. This ponderous old impostor visited Miss Milworthy's parents in India, and her confederate was repeatedly seen by Miss Milworthy, then a schoolgirl, in the act of adjusting the letters which were subsequently "precipitated" from the ceiling or out of the cushions in the carriage. Madame Blavatsky subsisted, in public, on apricots and cream, in order to sustain the theory of that mortification of the flesh which develops the Theosophic spirit. But as she weighed about twenty stone, she sustained that mass of mortal tissue with substantial meals in private.

There is a gentleman at Cairo named Percher. The name has an English look, but M. Percher is a Frenchman who has started a fresh campaign on behalf of French interests against the British occupation of Egypt. It seems that the *Bosphore Egyptien* has come to an end, because its mature views of the political situation became too moderate for the French, and now M. Percher is waxing eloquent against British "locust" in the *Journal Egyptien*. "Locust" is scarcely polite, and when you consider that the French Government refuses to permit the allocation of several millions of Egyptian money to the relief of the burdens on the land, the epithet is decidedly misplaced.

Dying in his eighty-fifth year, after long retirement from the active world, but solaced to the last by literary

tastes and by recollections of worthy friendships, Mr. Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, was one whose engaging personal qualities abide in the remembrance of many somewhat younger men. Forty or fifty years ago, when the robust Lancashire and West Yorkshire provincial mind, having won its Anti-Corn Law victory, turned with vigorous relish to serene intellectual exercises, and to liberal schemes of popular education and of social improvement, Mr. Ireland, from Edinburgh, at the head of a Manchester printing-office, lent himself to its service. Aided by several

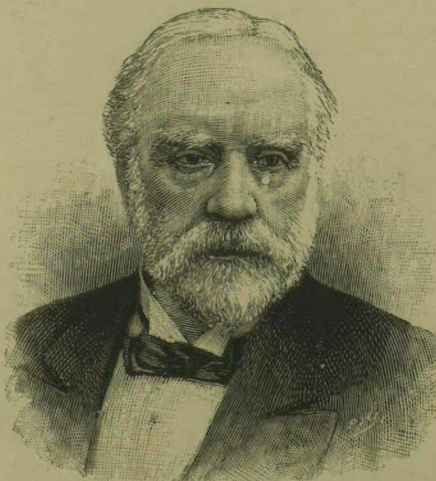


Photo by G. Higginson.

THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER IRELAND.

fellow-townsmen, two of them Scotchmen, the late Rev. Dr. McKerrow and the late Dr. W. B. Hodgson, he organised a local literary movement which had some life in it. The *Manchester Examiner*, a weekly paper established by Mr. Ireland and his friends, was soon amalgamated with the *Manchester Times*, the local organ of the Anti-Corn Law League, conducted by Mr. Abraham Paulton and, at one time, by Mr. Archibald Prentice. Mr. Ireland was the partner who solely managed the printing and publishing business of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, but the object of his predilection and lifelong pursuit was the accurate scholarly study of classical English literature, more especially that of the best prose essayists and lecturers, and of the best sonnet-writers in our language. With De Quincey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge; with Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, to whose writings he furnished a complete and useful "Index"; the mystic piety and ethical wisdom of Emerson, the humorous shrewdness and staunch earnestness of J. R. Lowell, the joyous, benevolent, playful spirit of Oliver Wendell Holmes, he was intimately familiar. To comment upon their works, to collect bibliographical and biographical details concerning them, and to enjoy, in the case of eminent American authors, such as Emerson, some opportunities of meeting them and helping to introduce them personally to English admirers, seemed Mr. Ireland's chief ambition. He compiled more than one series of selected essays, notably Hazlitt's, and wrote personal reminiscences of Emerson and other eminent friends; but his exquisite little volume, called "The Book-Lover's Enchiridion," a gem-like collection of extracts from nearly two hundred good writers on the pleasures of reading, is a characteristic memorial of Mr. Ireland likely to be long preserved. His second wife, who died not long ago, wrote the life of Mrs. Carlyle.

In acknowledging the facilities which were graciously allowed to our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, at the Imperial Wedding at St. Petersburg, when he prepared the Sketches published last week, our thanks are particularly due to M. Georges de Sesslavine, attaché to the Minister of the Russian Imperial Court.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Accidents will happen in the best of regulated families. By a curious mischance, an advertisement crept into the pages of a recent issue of this paper from which it was to be inferred that the stalls at Drury Lane Theatre were somewhat draughty. It so happens, and this is the curious part of the affair, that the exact opposite is the real state of the case. Truly enough, such a charge might have been made, with good reason, some time ago—a fact which is readily admitted by Sir Augustus Harris. But the lessee of the National Theatre has not always had things his own way. He has not, until lately, been quite master of his own, so to speak. He has been fettered by the conditions of his lease, hampered by bonds which have now, happily for the general public, been released. The improvements which Sir Augustus has effected in Drury Lane Theatre during the past few months are ample proof of his constant desire to please the public in every way possible. He could not better the noble proportions of this splendid playhouse, or advance its marvellous acoustic properties, but in various other ways he has studied the pleasure of the public. When the theatre was opened for the autumn season it was found to be "as fresh as paint could make it," resplendent in white and gold and beautiful draperies. But Sir Augustus is never content to let well alone. Since the first night of "The Derby Winner" he has banished the old-fashioned, hard, uncomfortable pit bench, in favour of modern, easy, well-upholstered seats in which the spectator can lean back at will—seats which, moreover, tip up of their own accord the moment they are vacated, thus leaving ample space for passage. But the patrons of the pit are not to have it all their own way in this matter, for their neighbours in the balcony will be similarly provided for by Boxing Night. Again, Sir Augustus has just erected a new box for the Duke of Bedford, approached by a private entrance, and provided with a handsome retiring-room. But this does not concern the public so much as the fact that Sir Augustus controls his own refreshment-bars, giving them his personal attention instead of leaving his visitors to the mercy of an outside contractor. Of late, he has spent a vast sum of money in furnishing the theatre with thousands of feet of hot-water pipes, thus ensuring perfect warmth for the winter, and assuring the countless thousands of people who will shortly flock to the pantomime of immunity from the dangers of draught and the fear of cold. The very latest alteration effected in Drury Lane is the removal of the front part of the stage, which used to extend for some feet into the auditorium. This will have the result of keeping the players within "the picture," and it will also bring the actors and the audience into closer contact.

For some time past "Dick Whittington and his Cat" has engrossed almost the whole of Sir Augustus Harris's attention; and now that the Fancy Dress Balls at Covent Garden have been successfully launched for the season, he is at work night and day on the pantomime, which he intends shall this year eclipse all his previous efforts. The "book" by Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. Cecil Raleigh, is a mingling of the poetic with the smart up-to-date writing, and it very wisely tells a story. It would be unfair to unfold the secrets of the prison-house and to anticipate the pleasures of the festive season, but one may safely rely upon seeing some of the most gorgeous scenery and beautiful costumes ever witnessed on the stage, and on hearing some of the most charming music. Messrs. Herbert Campbell and Dan Leno are old Drury Lane favourites; and Miss Ada Blanche, who is to play Dick, is also popular here. The Alice is a new comer, Miss Marie Montrose, who has made her mark in several of the best provincial pantomimes and touring companies. If she only realises half the good things that have been said of her, Londoners will have ample reason to congratulate themselves on the engagement. The Griffiths Brothers will be responsible for the comic scenes, and the pantomime will be brightened by the presence of Miss Lily Harold, Miss Agnes Hewitt, and many other ladies "fair to see." A child's dream of Christmas, which will constitute the transformation scene, is touched with sentiment. It is essentially "Christmassy," and it will embrace many beautiful pictures.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, was visited on Dec. 7 by the Prime Minister, the Earl of Rosebery, and next day by the Right Hon. Henry Fowler, Secretary of State for India, General Sir Redvers Buller, and Sir Henry and Lady Evelyn Ewart, and on Monday by the new French Ambassador, who was introduced by Lord Kimberley. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury were also guests of her Majesty.

The Queen on Thursday, Dec. 13, left Windsor for Osborne, Isle of Wight, and will, in the second week of March, go to Nice for a sojourn of four or five weeks, having taken the Grand Hôtel de Cimiez, on the range of hills two miles behind that town, with the neighbouring Hôtel Vitali for her suite. March 10 is fixed for her arrival there. It is officially announced that Parliament will meet on Tuesday, Feb. 5.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, on Saturday, Dec. 8, left London for Sandringham. The Duchess of York went to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, at Eaton Hall, Chester, for the wedding of her brother, Prince Adolphus of Teck.

The election for the Brigg Division of Lincolnshire resulted at the polling, on Friday, Dec. 7, in the return of Mr. J. M. Richardson, the Conservative candidate, by a majority of 77 votes. Those given for him were 4377, and those for Mr. H. Reckitt, the Liberal candidate, were 4300.

Lord Rosebery addressed a political meeting at Devonport on Tuesday, Dec. 11; the Right Hon. H. Asquith, Home Secretary, on Dec. 7 spoke on London municipal

Diggle, elected Lord George Hamilton, M.P., to be Chairman, by 29 votes against 26 for the Rev. T. W. Sharpe, who was proposed by the Progressive party. General Moberley was elected Vice-Chairman.

A deputation from the National Union of Teachers, on Dec. 8, waited on the Right Hon. A. Acland, Vice-President of the Council, objecting to some articles of the proposed new code for public elementary schools. He expressed the willingness of the Education Department to consider their suggestions.

The Smithfield Club Cattle Show was opened on Monday, Dec. 10, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington; the entries of cattle number 339, the largest on record, and there are 221 entries of sheep, or four more than last year. No pigs are shown owing to the prevalence of swine fever. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein presided at the annual meeting of the Club. Sir Walter Gilbey was chosen President for 1896, and Lord Rosebery was elected a vice-president in the place of the late Mr. John Walter.

The Farmers' Club and the Central Associated Chambers of Agriculture held their first joint annual dinner on Tuesday, Dec. 11, at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. T. Carrington Smith presided; the Right Hon. Mr. Gardner, President of the Board of Agriculture, the Earl of Jersey, the Earl of Winchelsea, and the Right Hon. H. Chaplin, M.P., were among the speakers.

In the French Chamber of Deputies on Dec. 8, the general debate of the Budget was closed, after two divisions, in which the Government had very large majorities. Much discussion in the French papers is devoted to the new prospect of a good understanding between England and

current at Tientsin that the Japanese have landed somewhere on the western coast of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, the places mentioned being near Kin-chow, Shan-hai-kwan, and Taku.

In South Africa the conference between Sir H. Loch and President Krüger at Charlestown Camp resulted, on Dec. 11, in the signing of a new Swaziland convention, under which the Swazis are allowed until May to sign the organic proclamation. If they fail to do so, it will come into force without their consent. The conference has been closed.

A severe banking crisis and panic in Newfoundland is causing great distress; the Commercial Bank suspended payments on Dec. 10, but the Union Bank is considered sound; five or six of the largest mercantile firms have stopped, wages cannot be paid, and many labourers and workmen are out of employment.

The reports of atrocious massacres, with the worst accompanying outrages, perpetrated by Turkish soldiers and by savage Kurds in the Sasun province of Armenia, south of Lake Van, are confirmed by testimony independent of those who represent, in London and other European cities, the Armenian claim of national independence. There is no doubt that cruelties equally dire, though less extensive than those which took place in Bulgaria eighteen years ago, have occurred very recently in Asiatic Turkey. It appears that for nearly eighteen months past the province of Sasun has been surrounded by Turkish troops, no person being allowed to enter or depart. About four months ago the Turks learned that the inhabitants of a village named Vartemis, just outside the frontier of Sasun, were sending the necessities of life into the village of Dalvorig, lying



Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

and local government reform at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place; the Secretary for War, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, at two or three meetings in Scotland, defended the Ministry; Lord Kimberley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was entertained on Dec. 6 by the "Eighty Club," at the Westminster Palace Hotel. A Liberal Unionist meeting, addressed by Professor Dicey, has been held at Liverpool.

Lord Sandhurst is appointed to succeed Lord Harris as Governor of Bombay.

The conference on light railways, convened by the President of the Board of Trade, the Right Hon. James Bryce, was opened on Dec. 6, with an intimation that State aid to their construction was not to be expected. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Cathcart, Sir Albert Rollit, Mr. W. L. Jackson, M.P., and Mr. Hobhouse, M.P., took part in the discussion. A committee of inquiry was appointed to report before the meeting of Parliament.

The Royal Commission of Inquiry concerning the finance relations between the Irish Government and that of Great Britain has commenced its sittings at Dublin; its members being Mr. Hugh C. E. Childers, chairman, The O'Connor Don, Mr. T. Sexton, M.P., Mr. C. E. Martin, Mr. G. W. Wolff, M.P., Sir David Barbour, and Lord Welby. Much statistical information has been obtained from the Irish Registrar-General, and from officers of the Local Government Board.

The London County Council, on Dec. 11, approved of eight Bills to be laid before Parliament for the purchase of the undertakings of all the London water-companies. March 2 has been fixed as the date for the election of a new London County Council.

The new London School Board, at its first meeting on Dec. 6, on the motion of the late Chairman, Mr. J. R.

Russia, which is ascribed to the influence of the Prince of Wales and the friendly disposition of the Czar Nicholas II. The death of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps has not excited any great show of feeling, but his funeral is to be conducted with some ceremony, at the cost of the Suez Canal Company.

The new Chancellor of the German Empire, Prince von Hohenlohe, on Tuesday, Dec. 11, delivered his first speech to the Reichstag at Berlin, dwelling on the necessity of financial economy, but with an increase of the navy, the maintenance of German colonial policy, measures for the relief of agriculture, and laws for the restraint of Socialist revolutionary sects adverse to the safety of the State.

The Hungarian Ministry has received, after some delay, the royal assent of the Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary, to the three important laws passed by the Diet at Buda-Pesth with reference to civil marriages and other reforms opposed by the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical interest.

According to information received at Vienna from Constantinople, it is believed that Great Britain will have the support of Russia, France, and Italy, and possibly of Austria-Hungary, in dealing with the Armenian outrages, but that Germany's attitude is doubtful.

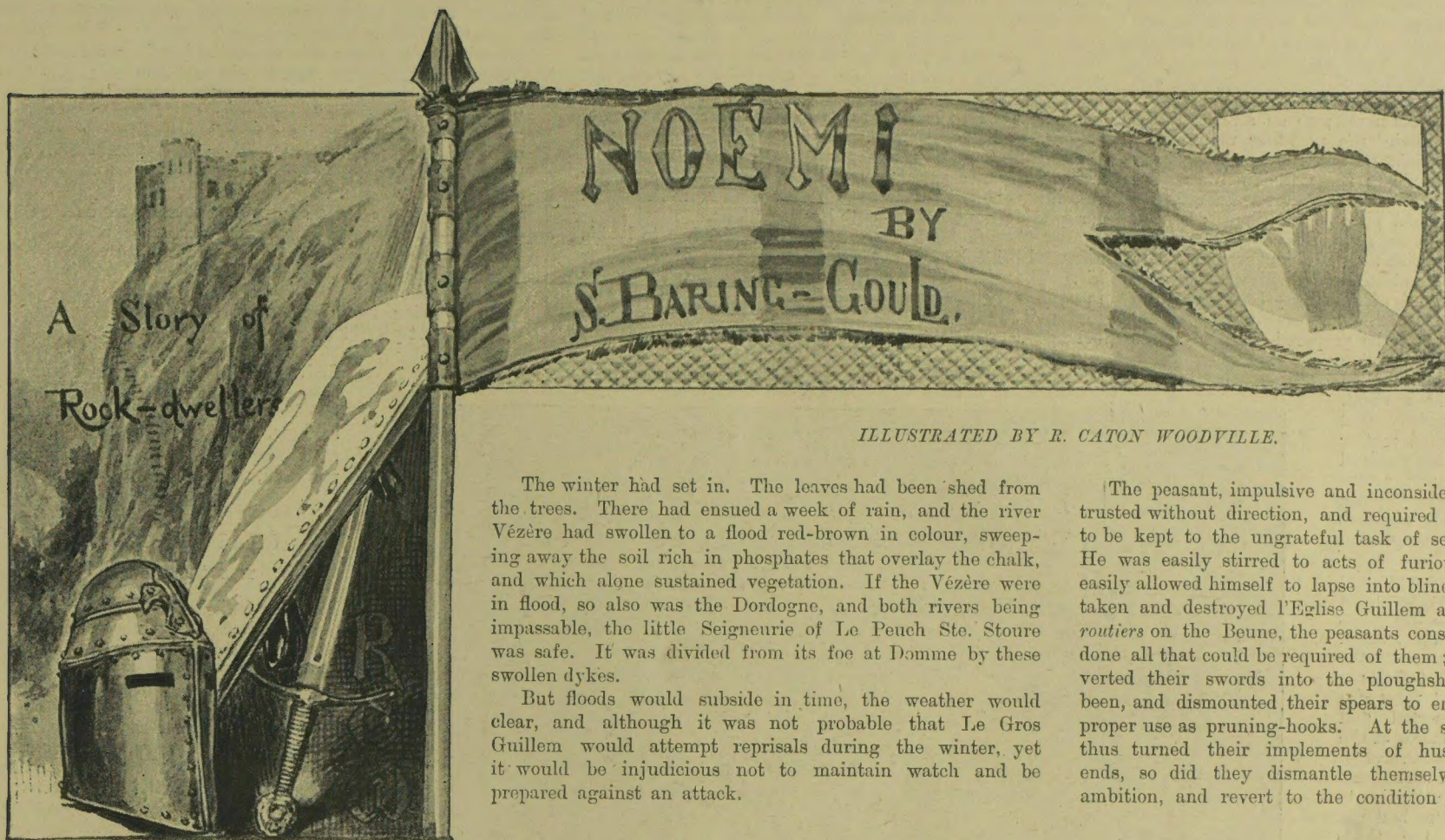
The three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the hero of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, has been celebrated with great enthusiasm at Stockholm and at Lützen, in Saxony, where he was killed in battle.

On Dec. 10 a division of the Japanese army in Manchuria engaged a Chinese force numbering 3000 or 4000 cavalry and infantry, and defeated them. The loss of the invaders was forty killed and wounded, and their opponents left one hundred dead on the field. Reports are

within the closely guarded district. For this offence the village was raided by troops, and many of the inhabitants ruthlessly massacred, while the girls and women suffered most revolting ill-treatment. Every house was rased to the ground. Selo Bey, the Bey of Initzum, and a Kurd belonging to the Kurdish Cavalry, went with the soldiers to the village of Semal, and forcibly took the Armenian priest from his church. They defiled the sacred vessels, and placing them in the priest's hands, bound him on a donkey, and shot the priest dead. In the same village the soldiers entered an Armenian house, vilely outraged a woman and her daughter, the latter a child of fourteen, and killed them both. Selo Bey sent eight Armenian girls to his harem at Initzum. The village of Kelichuzen was entered by Kurdish and regular troops before dawn, and, while the people were still sleeping, was set on fire. A man named Arakiel and his wife, who were found asleep, were tortured with red-hot irons and killed. A priest named Margos and twenty other persons residing in his house were burned alive, not one escaping. The chief of the village Chaneg was bound, and with his two daughters scalded to death. Inexpressible horrors were perpetrated in the village of Sebghant, by twenty-five soldiers belonging to the regular cavalry, among the girls in the village school. Ibo Bey, a notorious Kurd brigand, belonging to the village of Djibrin, and a colonel in the regular army, went with troops to the Armenian villages of Bahlul, Hatzgint, and Komk, and there drove out the men, collected the women and children at Bahlul, to the number of about two hundred, and killed them all, shooting them and cutting them down with swords. They then regaled themselves with wine, and feasted upon the spoils they had collected. Kurdish regulars from Kirzan and Bahran entered the Armenian villages of Aliandzig and Aghpeg, slaughtered the inhabitants, and reduced the houses to ruins. In all thirty-two villages were destroyed.



FAMILY PORTRAITS.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The winter had set in. The leaves had been shed from the trees. There had ensued a week of rain, and the river Vézère had swollen to a flood red-brown in colour, sweeping away the soil rich in phosphates that overlay the chalk, and which alone sustained vegetation. If the Vézère were in flood, so also was the Dordogne, and both rivers being impassable, the little Seigneurie of Le Peuch Ste. Stoure was safe. It was divided from its foe at Domme by these swollen dykes.

But floods would subside in time, the weather would clear, and although it was not probable that Le Gros Guillem would attempt reprisals during the winter, yet it would be injudicious not to maintain watch and be prepared against an attack.

The peasant, impulsive and inconsiderate, was not to be trusted without direction, and required to be watched so as to be kept to the ungrateful task of semi-military service. He was easily stirred to acts of furious violence, and as easily allowed himself to lapse into blind security. Having taken and destroyed l'Eglise Guillem and beaten back the routiers on the Beune, the peasants considered that they had done all that could be required of them; they hastily reconverted their swords into the ploughshares that they had been, and dismounted their spears to employ them for their proper use as pruning-hooks. At the same time that they thus turned their implements of husbandry to peaceful ends, so did they dismantle themselves of all military ambition, and revert to the condition of the boor, whose

CHAPTER XXI.

A DISAPPEARANCE.

The old Seigneur del' Peyra was not exactly a changed man since his descent into and release from the *oubliette*; he was rather the man he had been of old with his dullness, inertness, intensified. He spoke very little, never referred to his adventures—it might almost be thought that he had forgotten them, but that on the smallest allusion to Le Gros Guillem his eye would fire, all the muscles of his face quiver, and he would abruptly leave the society of such as spoke of the man who had so ill-treated him.

Except for the sudden agitations into which he was thrown by such allusions, he was almost torpid. He took no interest in his land, in his people, in his castle. He sat much on a stone in the sun when the sun shone, looking at the ground before him. When the cold and rainy weather set in, then he sat in the fire-corner with his eyes rivetted on the flames. One thing he could not endure, and that was darkness. The coming on of night filled him with unrest. He could not abide in a room where did not burn a light. He would start from sleep during the night several times to make sure that the lamp was still burning.

At first Jean had spoken to his father relative to the incidents of his capture, and had asked him particulars about his treatment, but desisted from doing so as he saw how profoundly it affected the old man, and how slow he was of recovering his equanimity after such an attempt to extract his recollections from him. Nor could he consult him about the affairs of the Seigneurie. The old man seemed incapable of fixing his mind on any such matters. Not that his brain had ceased to act, but that it was pre-occupied with one absorbing idea, from which it resented diversion.

Jean made an attempt to sound his father's thoughts, but in vain, and he satisfied himself that the only course open to him was to leave the old man alone, and to trust to the restorative forces of Nature to recover him. He had received a shock which had shaken his powers but had not destroyed them. If left alone he would in time be himself again.

There was much to occupy the mind and take up the time of Jean del' Peyra.



Never did he ride along the other side of the river in face of La Roque without casting on it a covetous gaze. It was the key to the whole of the Black Périgord—the county of Sarlat.

thoughts are in the soil he turns and returns, whose produce he reaps and mows. The peasant mind is not flexible, and it is very limited in its range. It can think of but one thing at a time, and it is wholly void of that nimbleness which is acquired by association with men of many avocations and of intellectual culture. For a moment, stirred by intolerable wrongs, his passions had flared into an all-consuming flame. Now he was again the plodding ploughman, content to handle the muckfork and the goad.

Jean found it impossible to rouse the men to understand the necessity of being ever on the alert against the foe. Gros Guillem, said they, had pillaged Ste. Soure; he had done his worst; now he would go and plunder elsewhere. He had tried conclusions with them and had been worsted; in future he would test his strength against weaker men. *Allons!* we have had enough of fighting—there is much to be done on the farm. Jean del' Peyra foresaw danger, and would not relax his efforts to be prepared to meet it. He established sentinels to keep watch night and day, and he marshalled the peasants and drilled them. They grumbled, and endeavoured to shirk, and he had hard matter to enforce discipline. He received tidings from Domme, and ascertained that the feet of the Captain were completely restored; and that he was about the town and citadel as usual.

He had matter to occupy him and divert his attention from Le Peuch. For some time the great stress of war between the French and the English had been in the north; there the Maid of Orleans had led to victory, and there she had been basely deserted and allowed to fall into the hands of the English. No sooner, however, had these latter burnt "the sorceress" than they turned their attention to Guyenne. There matters had not been favourable to the three Leopards. Bergerac, on the Dordogne, an important mercantile centre devoted to the French cause, and which had been long held by the English, had been freed, and had the Lilies waving from its citadel. Then suddenly the English forces from Bordeaux had appeared under the walls, and the garrison, unable to defend itself unassisted, had fled, and once more the Lilies were thrown down and the Leopards unfurled. But recently, owing to some outrage committed in the town by some of the soldiers of the castle, the whole of the inhabitants had risen in a mass, had surprised the garrison, and had butchered them to a man. Bergerac was again French. For the last time it had borne the English yoke. During three hundred years, with the exception of a few intervals, that it had been under English dominion (1150-1450), many a time had French and English fought under its walls for the possession of such a strong point, which by its position commanded the course of the Dordogne. Tradition even says that in one day the town passed thrice into English and thrice into French hands.

The recovery of Bergerac by the Count of Penthievre, the Lieutenant of the King of France in Guyenne, and the treatment of the garrison by the citizens, alarmed Le Gros Guillem. He was keenly alive to the disaffection of the town of Domme. He was in a less satisfactory position than the commandant of Bergerac. For this latter place was surrounded by strongholds of barons attached to the English cause, not on principle, but for their own interest; the nearest town up the river, Le Linde, was a *bastide* in English hands. The heights bristled with castles, all held by men strongly opposed to the crown of France, all ready to harass in every way the citizens who had dared to free themselves. The situation at Domme was other. Nearly in face of it was a town almost as important in population, quite as securely defended by Nature, and dominated by a castle of exceptional inexpugnability. The Governor of this place was the brother of the Bishop of Sarlat, and could not be bribed to betray his charge. From this eyrie every movement of Guillem was watched. La Roque was a stronghold with the whole county of Sarlat at its back, and thence it could be filled with men unseen from Domme, to organise a sudden attack on the enemy's position. That alone might be repelled, but that aided by treachery within the walls might succeed.

Consequently Guillem was engaged in filling his ranks and accumulating material of war. Desire as he might, and did, to chastise those at Ste. Soure, he could not do so at the moment.

Never did he ride along the other side of the river in face of La Roque without casting on it a covetous gaze. It was the key to the whole of the Black Périgord—the county of Sarlat.

Jean del' Peyra's mind reverted often to Noémi. He had not seen her since that incident of the ring. Then,

attended by Amanieu and Roger, she had ridden away at full gallop and had escaped. At the same time he had succeeded in cutting the bands that held the arms of Heliot, and had suffered him to ride away as well. Jean was naturally averse to deeds of bloodshed; and though the fellow justly merited death, he had no desire that the peasantry should constitute themselves at once accusers, judges, and executioners. Jean thought repeatedly of that strange scene—his engagement by ring to Noémi, forced on him to save her from the violence of the angry peasants—the only means available to him at the moment for evading the question as to her parentage.

But though he had quickly proclaimed her to be his affianced bride, he did not seriously purpose to make her his. Though he loved her, though his heart eagerly recognised her generosity of feeling, the real goodness that was in her, he could not forget to what stock she belonged. It would not be possible for him to consider

understanding with her. She was not a child, surely she did not hold those words spoken by him, that ring put on her finger, as binding them together?

He was thinking over this, scheming how he could meet her, when one of his men came to him and said—

"Monsieur Jean, have you seen your father?"

"When? Just now?"

"Yes," said the man, "recently."

"No, Antoine, not for several hours."

"Nor has anyone else."

"Not seen my father?"

"No, Monsieur Jean, we have been looking for him in every direction, and cannot find him."

"He is in the castle."

"No, Monsieur Jean, there he is not."

"He is in the field."

"No, Monsieur Jean, he is nowhere."

"That is not possible."

"He is nowhere that we can find, and no one has seen him leave—no one knows whether he has been carried off again, and if so, how, when, or by whom?"

It was so—Ogier del' Peyra had vanished, not leaving a trace behind him.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CASTELLAN.

Le Gros Guillem was pacing the stone vaulted hall of the Castle of Domme. It was a hall that ran the whole depth of the castle, from one face to the other, and was lighted solely by large windows to the north, commanding the valley of the Dordogne. The room was vaulted, not ribbed; cradled with white stone, the walls were of stone, and the hall was paved with stone—all of one whiteness. No tapestry covered the naked sides, no carpets clothed the floors, only some panelling of oak to man's height took off some of the chill of the walls, and straw was littered on the floor. Of ornament there was none in the hall, unless weapons and defensive armour might be so regarded. Even antlers and boars' heads were absent. The occupants of the castle had other amusements than the chase.

"I must have thirty men more," said the Captain. "Let Heliot ride into the Bretenoux country; he will get them there; and let that sulky Amanieu, who is neither one of us nor against us, go to Gramat, on the bald and barren *causse* where nothing grows save lank and hungry men, there is always a supply of daredevils to be had thence for the asking. Offer what you will—we must make an attempt on Bergerac—and have the looting of its fat merchants' houses. We will make a raid into Sarlat and put the oily canons into the olive-press. There is plenty to be had for the taking. I want men. I must have more men. I dare not leave Domme without a thumb on it to hold it down; and there is that accursed eye of La Roque watching unwinkingly. Fine times are coming. I hear that the English are sending an army under the great Talbot. Let us do something—pick over the vineyard before he comes or the Englishmen will have the biggest bunches."

One of the attendants came up to the Captain and informed him that there was an old man desired to speak with him.

"What does he want? Whence does he come? I want no old men. The young are those who can serve me. I have not here an almshouse for bedemen, but a training school for soldiers."

"He will not say what he wants—except only that he comes on matters of extreme importance."

"Importance! importance!"

repeated Le Gros Guillem irritably. "Importance to him and not to me. What is he? a farmer? Some of my boys have lifted an ox or carried off a daughter. I will not see him."

"Captain, he comes from La Roque."

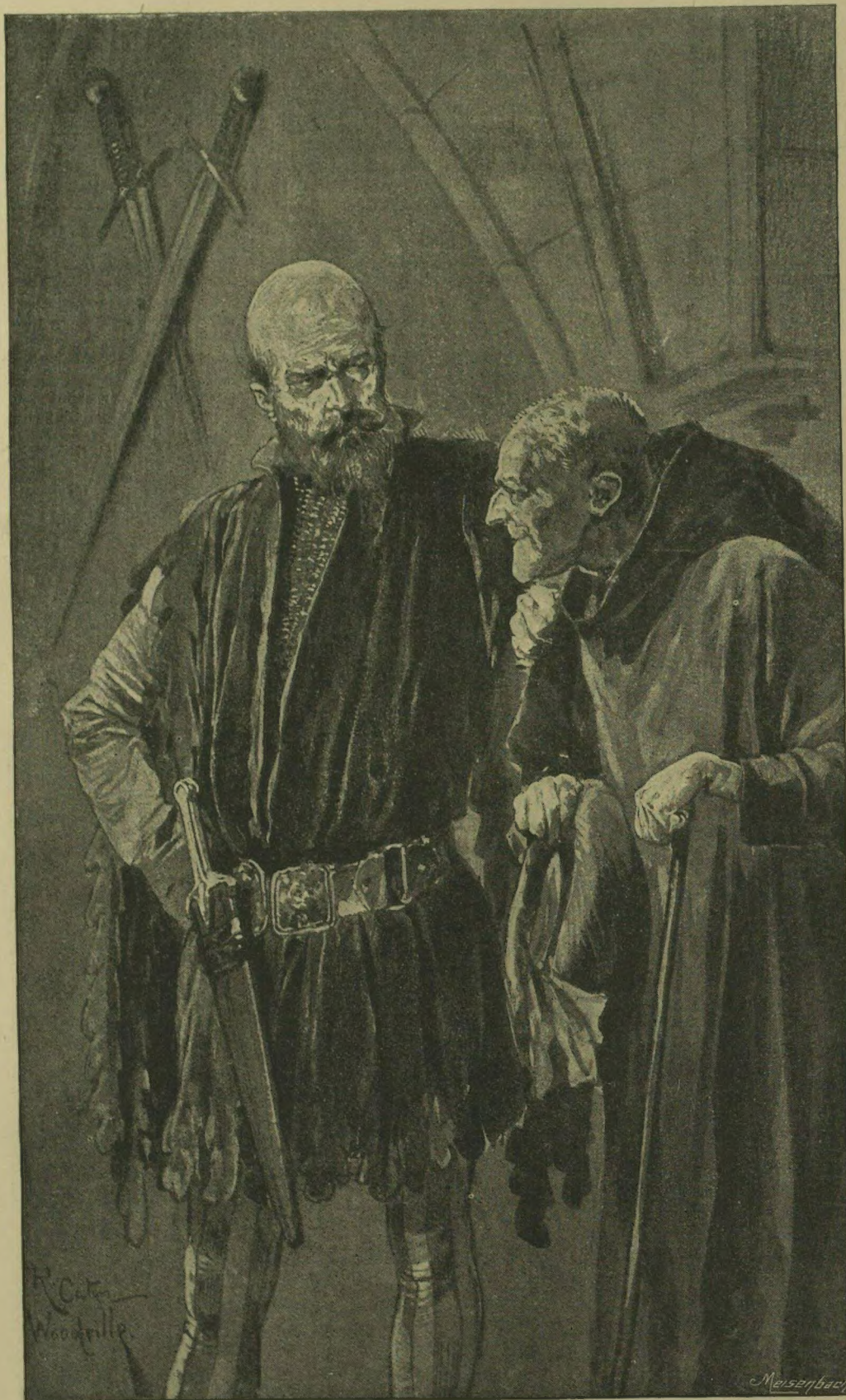
"Then I will have nothing to do with him. I have no dealings with the people of La Roque. Run your pikes into his calves and make him skip down the hill."

The attendant retired but returned shortly with a slip of paper, which he put into the Captain's hand. Guillem would have thrust it aside. "A scribbling petitioner—worst of all! Does he look as if he had money? Can he be made to pay? If so we will put him in the mortar and pound him."

With careless indifference Guillem opened the paper and read the lines—

Messire le Gros,—If you want a lodging in La Roque now is your opportunity.

From One who has Charge of the Keys.



An old man with short-cut grey hair was introduced. He walked with the aid of a stick, and kept his eyes on the ground. He was habited in a shabby dark suit, out at elbows, somewhat clerical in cut, and he was shaved like a priest.

her as one who would be his—when he was at deadly enmity with the father. It would not be decent, natural, to take to his side the child of the ruffian who had treated his own father in a manner of refined barbarity. It was known throughout the country what Guillem had done—and the whole country would point the finger of scorn at him if he so condoned the outrage as to marry the daughter of the perpetrator of it. But, more than that, he was certain to be engaged in hand-to-hand fight with Guillem. He did not for a moment doubt that this man would seize the first opportunity of attacking and probably of overwhelming him with numbers. When next they met the meeting would be final, and fatal to one or the other. Either he or Le Gros Guillem would issue from the struggle with his hands wet with the blood of the other. It mattered not which turn matters took, what the result was—either precluded union with Noémi.

He would have liked once more to see her, to be able to part from her with words of gratitude for what she had done for him and his father. He would have liked to come to an

"Eh! eh!" exclaimed the Captain, flushing over his bald head, and his long fingers crushed the paper in excitement. "What! a chance of that? Show him in—and you, guard, stand at a distance at the door."

In another moment an old man with short-cut grey hair was introduced. He walked with the aid of a stick, and kept his eyes on the ground. He was habited in a shabby dark suit, out at elbows, somewhat clerical in cut, and he was shaven like a priest. His face was singularly mottled, in places yellow with sunburn, elsewhere white. He had bushy eyebrows that contrasted strangely with his close-clipped head and his smooth jaws.

"So!" said Guillem, striding up to him, "you have the keys—and who are you?"

"Messire Captain, I am your very humble servant."

"To the point!—what are you at La Roque, and what do you want with me?"

"Messire, I am now caretaker of the fortress in the cliff. I hold the keys and am responsible for its custody."

"And what brings you here!"

"Messire, I am willing to let you in."

"Ah! On what terms?"

"Messire—I trust to your generosity."

"That is not a usual mode of doing business. Why do you come to me? Why betray your trust? There is a reason—is it money? I will pay. What do you demand?"

"I ask no money."

"Then in Heaven's name what do you want?"

"Revenge!" answered the old man, and bowed his head lower over his staff.

"Revenge! Hah! I can understand that. Revenge on someone in La Roque?"

"On someone who is not there now, but who will be there on the night that I admit you."

"And you ask me to revenge your wrong?"

"I will do that for myself, Messire—only I can do nothing now. I am prepared to admit you within the walls of the town. I can do better than that—I will give you access to the castle—the town without the castle is nothing. The castle in itself is nothing. But the castle commands the town."

"Hah! let us in, within the walls of La Roque, and we will soon have the castle."

"You think that, Messire? You are mistaken. The castle is victualled for three months. There is a well in it that never runs dry. There is a garrison under the Sieur François de Bonaldi, brother of the Bishop. If you took the town with my help, it would be cracking the nut and not getting the kernel. From the castle they could rain down rocks on you, and if you attempted to hold the town they would dislodge you, though it might ruin the houses. No—the town without the castle is an eyeball without the iris. Take the castle, and the town is yours."

"You may be right," said Le Gros Guillem, after a pause.

"I am positive I am right," said the old man, looking up and dropping his eyes again.

"What, then, do you propose?"

"On a night—let us say to-morrow before midnight, I will admit you and five men—"

"Why not more?"

"Harken, Messire, I have thought the plan out."

"Go on!—I am impatient to hear."

"It is you, Messire le Gros, who have interrupted me."

"Go on with your plan! If I do not approve, I will none of it. I am not going to run into a trap."

"A trap! Oh, Messire, how can you think of that?"

"Tell me your plan at once."

"It is this, Messire. I will let you in through the postern gate on the upper—the Vitrac—Sarlat Road, you and five men—no more. As many as you will desire can be admitted later; they shall remain without till the castle is in your hands, and then two of your men who will tarry by the gate will unbar to them and let them all enter. But consider, Messire, it will not do to allow access to more than five at the outset—there are sentinels on the walls. I have no understanding with them, and they might see you and give the alarm. If the alarm were given before you had obtained possession of the castle, then the whole expedition would be in vain. If you hold the castle you have the heart of La Roque Gageac in your hands."

"And you will admit us into the fortress?"

"I will admit you and three men."

"It is not enough."

"It suffices. There are but six men in the castle—and no guard is kept at night, for none is needed, as you will see when you get there. That on the town walls suffices; one of these men is in agreement with me. Him you must pay, but not me. I shall be well indemnified if I get my revenge."

"So then—you will first open the gate to me and five men. Then, two are to be left in charge of the gate, I and three others are next to be given admittance to the castle, where we are to overpower the garrison. You say there are but six men. That is very few."

"Messire, the Bishop says he can afford no more, and his brother, the Sieur François, has written to urge him to supply him with more, but he says that his treasury is exhausted and his land impoverished, and that there are no more men to be got. Besides, what they reckon on is for the whole garrison of the town to fly to the castle should the walls of the town fall into the enemy's power. It has never entered into their heads that the citadel should be first grasped, and the citadel commands all—it commands the town, it commands the road to Sarlat, it commands the whole country."

"And the Bishop says there is nothing to be got—no money?"

"So he says; that is the reason he gives. He told the Sieur François to do his best with the handful he has; he was unable to assist further."

"We will speedily prove if his words be true. We shall soon make him beat his head to think that he was so parsimonious as to scruple about melting up his church plate. That only is an exhausted land which yields naught when it has passed through my sieve." Guillem halted in his walk, laid one hand on the shoulder

of the old man, and said, in a tone in which was some suspicion, "So you will turn traitor, betray a trust for nothing!"

"Pardon, Messire; I said that I did it to satisfy my revenge."

"By the Holy Caul of Cahors!" laughed Le Gros Guillem, "revenge is sweet, especially to the old. When the kisses of women and the clink of spurs and the finger-ring of gold no longer charm, revenge is still palatable. What makes you so lust for vengeance, old man?"

"Ah, Messire! what do the small troubles of a nobody like me concern you?"

Guillem let go his hold and recommenced his pacing: "The Holy Caul to my aid! but I, too, have my grievance, and my mouth waters for the same dainty as does yours. Let me but be established at La Roque, and they may expect me at Le Peuch."

"Who is at Le Peuch, Messire?"

"Old man, one who has injured my honour; one to whom I will show no mercy if I but get him in my grip. From La Roque I can command all the Sarladais, and I can swoop down at my leisure on Le Peuch. I shall get gold at Sarlat and blood at Le Peuch. By Heaven, I do not know which will best please me!"

"You accept my offer, Messire le Gros?"

"Aye—to-morrow, at an hour to midnight. Are you an ecclesiastic?"

"No, Messire."

"You have a clerical aspect; but I suppose all who serve the Bishop assume something of that. Very well. I shall be there—I and my men. Will you eat? Will you drink?"

"Thank you, Messire. I have not come from far—only across the water. The ferryman put me over. I made some excuse that I had a married daughter to visit, and none suspect evil; but I must make speed and return before mistrust breeds. Mistrust will spoil all, Messire."

"Very well. Go! So we meet to-morrow. If you fail—if you prove false, old man—terrible will be your lot."

"I shall not fail. Fear not. I shall not eat, I shall not sleep; I shall count the hours till you come."

Le Gros Guillem mused a moment. Then he said: "What shall be the sign by which you will know we are there—at the gate?"

"You will come," answered the old man, "to the little postern at the Sarlat gate. It lies on the right—twenty strides up the slope; you pass by a vineyard to it. I will tarry there till I hear you scratch like a cat."

"Very well—and the word?"

"The word—for a merry jest—as you said it, Le Peuch."

"Le Peuch—so be it," said the Captain. "Further—the main body of men will be posted outside, and they are not to be admitted till the castle is ours. How shall I communicate with them?"

"Nothing is easier," replied the castellan. "When Messire is above, and has got the men of the garrison bound, let him ring the alarm-bell. It is in the tower of the castle gate, and at once your men below will admit their fellows, and the townsfolk will awake to discover themselves betrayed, and in the hands of the illustrious and very generous Captain Guillem."

"It is good!" said the *roulier*. "You have thought this plan well out, old man."

"Oh, I have thought it well out. I have been long about it. I took much consideration before all was fitted together. So—there—all is agreed. I wish you well till we meet."

The castellan made for the door, but before he reached it, he rested on his staff, and burst into a convulsive fit of laughter.

"What is that?" asked the Captain, coming towards him. "What makes you laugh?"

"Excuse me, Messire. I am old, and my nerves are shaken. I have had much to agitate them, and these convulsive fits come on me when I think I am on the eve of a great pleasure—and it will be a great pleasure—he turned and bowed, and made a salutation with his cap, and with extended hands—"ah! Messire, a great pleasure, to open the gate and let you in!" He bowed profoundly, and went out backwards laughing and saluting.

(To be continued.)

* *La Sainte Coiffe*—a caul in which it was fabled that the infant Christ was born—was one of the choice relics preserved at Cahors. It fell into the hands of the Huguenots at the memorable capture of Cahors by Henry of Navarre, but was recovered. It disappeared at the Revolution.

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* SHORT STORIES *

BY

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The swallowing of one snake by another in the London "Zoo" has evidently created a lively interest among those members of the general public who are given to the study of natural history and to observing the ways and works of the animal world. I judge this from the fact that I have received several letters on the subject, pointing out that the incident of a few weeks back has had its parallels in like occurrences in the past. Thus one correspondent writes that he remembers an incident (date and place not mentioned) in which, in addition to swallowing its brother-snake, a boa-constrictor likewise ingested the blanket in which its fellow had been contained or enwrapped. Has any reader ever heard of such an occurrence? Another correspondent says that in the early part of 1841, and in February or March of that year, a boa at the "Zoo," about 18 ft. long, swallowed a sickly and invalid neighbour, about 3 ft. larger than itself. Yet another incident is related of a similar nature occurring at a menagerie in Germany. If these incidents are of a reliable kind, then my suggestion that this occasional snake-swallowing habit is a survival of a custom once widely represented in the serpent class is somewhat strengthened and rendered the more likely.

I sincerely trust the state of educational matters in Leeds, which Mr. T. Prigdin Teale, of that city, has lately described in the *Yorkshire Post*, may be susceptible of some explanation or other which, for the credit of that good city, will modify the otherwise very strong opinions that must be expressed regarding the common-sense of those to whom the care of the young is there committed. Mr. Teale does not mince matters. He tells us that in Leeds the youngest children are harassed to an extent which is positively awful to contemplate. I read with surprise and horror of infants of three years of age and upwards being taught mental arithmetic, a kind of grammatical analysis—it is called "phrasing" of sentences—and other intellectual details positively appalling in their nature when considered with reference to the human mites subjected to such scholastic skill. I hope, for the credit of the sense and humanity of Yorkshire at large, this state of matters is not to be allowed to continue. I remember long ago hearing Professor Huxley say he thought the world was becoming "examination mad." There seems to be an acute form of that malady raging at present in Leeds, judging from Mr. Teale's protest.

It is an old story this, that of "cram" as opposed to "education." No doubt the line between the two is often hard to draw, but I regard it as part and parcel of the modern "struggle for existence" that so much of the knowledge our children are compelled to acquire must needs be imparted at breakneck speed and at high brain-pressure. "Less learning and more culture" is the cry we should raise; less encyclopædic details, and better use of what knowledge is acquired: this is the real educational crux. Surely, it is, after all, a question of teaching too much. The wisdom of husbanding resources by teaching what will best fit the children for their work in the world, and by eliminating the "extras," seems to be the only truly practical solution of the modern educational deadlock.

I notice that a Dr. Calmette is reported as having been engaged in the Pasteur Laboratory at Paris in the endeavour to solve the important question of snake-bite remedy. The principle upon which he appears to proceed is that represented in the preparation of the anti-toxin remedy for diphtheria. Rabbits and guinea-pigs are bitten by the cobra, under chloroform, or are inoculated with the serpent-poison. The effect of the poison is to develop in the serum, or blood fluid of the animal, protective qualities against the bite of the snake. It is reported that when this blood-serum is injected into other rabbits the animals, instead of dying after the cobra-bite, exhibit no untoward effects. Now, if these researches should prove to have been correctly detailed, and to be founded on a scientific basis, it is clear an immense boon will have been bestowed on humanity at large. When we consider the immense numbers of deaths from snake-bite which yearly occur in India and elsewhere, the value of some certain method of counteracting the effects of the serpent-virus may be properly estimated.

There is one point regarding which further information will certainly be needed in this case. The poison of one species of serpent exhibits material differences from that of another species. I believe cobra-poison, for example, is very different from rattlesnake-virus; hence it will be interesting to learn if a separate kind of anti-toxin will be needed in the case of each species of snake as a remedy for its bite. Curiously enough, Dr. Calmette adds that he finds chloride of gold and chloride of lime to be remedies of value in snake-bite. The experiments he has made, it is asserted, show that the chloride of gold and the hypochlorite of soda or of lime (and more especially the latter) possess distinct curative properties in snake-bite. It is eminently desirable that more should be heard of these remedies, either by way of demonstrating their reliability or of disposing of their claims to be regarded as of real value in treating one of the most serious of accidents that can befall mankind.

Very interesting are the accounts given of the practice of trepanning or trephining—that is, of removing portions of the skull—among the ancient Peruvians. This operation seems to have been very universally practised by tribes and peoples not genetically connected, for the relief of the injuries to the head produced by blows. No doubt the idea of opening the skull originally sprang from the notion that the epilepsy or other ailment following the injury was an exhibition of the work of evil spirits, whose liberation from the head was urgently demanded as a means of cure. Ancient Peruvian skulls, of which I have before me a series of drawings, exhibit quite a number of variations in the mode of performing the operation. The Peruvians also showed examples of the practice of covering the aperture in the skull with a silver plate, such a covering, in the case of one remarkable operation, having been found in the tomb along with the skull. The adage that there is little (or nothing) new under the sun finds an additional illustration from ancient Peruvian mummies.



"THE CONVENT GARDEN."—BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

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EATON, CHESTER.

Eaton, near Chester, is well known as the principal family seat of the Grosvenors. This name carries the mind back to Norman times, when in the eyes of a monarch so passionately devoted to the pleasures of the chase as was William of Normandy the office of "Le Gros Veneur" (chief huntsman) was second only in importance to that of Chancellor. Gilbert le Grosvenor, who founded the English branch of that name, was the nephew of the famous Earl of Chester, Hugh of Avranches, commonly called Hugh Lupus, who rendered material aid to his uncle William in the Conquest of England. Hence it is that in the centre of the great quadrangle, facing the "Golden Gates," is placed a fine equestrian statue by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., representing the great Norman noble as intent upon a falcon which he is just about to cast off at a quarry in the Belgrave drive. Rauf, a great-grandson of the above-named Gilbert, was a staunch adherent of the Empress Maud, and was present with his cousin Randle Gernons, Earl of Chester, at the Battle of Lincoln, 1141. His son Robert was one of Richard Cœur de Lion's followers in the Crusade, and took part in the assault of

bloot of Cheshire, Cholmondeley, Egerton, Legh, Dutton, Molincux, etc., support Le Grosvenor's claims. The result was in favour of Le Scrope, and henceforward the "garb or," or wheatsheaf, was adopted in the Grosvenor arms, in token of the connection with the Norman Earls of Chester. It was a grandson of this Sir Robert Grosvenor, Rauf le Grosvenor, who by his marriage with Joan, only daughter and heiress of John de Eton, brought the Eaton estate into the hands of the Grosvenors. The house was then called Eaton Boat, and commanded the ferry across the Dee at a point higher than the present Eccleston ferry. Long anterior to this the mesne Lords of Eaton claimed the sergeancy of the Dee and all waif and wreck, and this power was exercised to some purpose and to no little pecuniary advantage during Glendower's rebellion, when goods and chattels suspected as contraband of war were seized by the King's zealous adherent. This same spirit of loyalty distinguished successive members of the family, and notably in the Stuart period Richard, created the first Baronet in 1622, was held in high esteem by James I., though he was a warm and able supporter of the Puritan party in Parliament. He took an important part with Oliver Cromwell in a debate on the pardons and preferments granted to divines condemned for Arminian doctrines. Sir Richard has left behind in the Eaton library a valuable collection of political and controversial tracts which evince his strong Puritan leanings. His son, Sir Richard, has given equally strong proof of his Royalist attachment in the pamphlets which he gathered together bearing on the martyrdom of King Charles. As Sheriff of the county he raised a force to oppose the Parliamentarians under Fairfax. His estates were sequestered, and after being mulcted in a very heavy fine, and ejected from Eaton, he was fain to seek shelter in a cottage on his own property. Soon afterwards, however, incurring the suspicion of Oliver Cromwell, he was imprisoned in Chester Castle. His son Roger, loyal as his father, whose sufferings he shared, was one of thirteen gentlemen of Cheshire nominated in 1660 to be Knights of the Royal Oak. It is an illustration of the vicissitudes of life that Sir Thomas Grosvenor, the third baronet, grandson of this same Sir Richard who sacrificed his all in the service of his King, was enabled to retrieve the family fortunes by his marriage with Mary, the daughter and heiress of Mr. Alexander Davies, of Ebury, in Middlesex. By this alliance the large estate in Belgravia and Pimlico, which has proved in this century to be of such immense value, became part of the Grosvenor heritage. It was Sir Thomas who built the first house at Eaton on the present site from the designs of a Cheshire man, Sir John Vanbrugh, the poet-architect. It was of the house which Vanbrugh built for himself, a strange medley of Grecian and Gothic architecture, that Swift wrote in the well-known satire—

Now poets from all quarters ran
To see the house of brother Van;
Looked high and low, walked often round,
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the waterman hard by,
"Where may the poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires
If he has seen its gilded spires.
At length they, in the rubbish, spy
A thing resembling "a goose-pye!"

Of the house built for Sir Thomas Grosvenor nothing now remains but the entrance hall,

the saloon, and the vaulted hall in the basement. All was swept away to make room for its successor, erected by Mr. Porden for Robert, Earl Grosvenor. This mansion, constructed in a florid ecclesiastical Gothic, proved a disappointment, and the difficult task of reconstruction was entrusted in 1870 to Mr. A. Waterhouse, R.A., under whose superintendence Eaton, after fifteen years of ever-anxious thought, has been with consummate taste



THE TEMPLE AND GARDENS AT EATON.

developed into the present stately and magnificent palace.

The approach for the ordinary visitor is through the courtyard, in which ample and handsome provision is made for the large stud of hunters and hacks on the right, and carriage horses on the left. In the centre stands a spirited group in bronze by the late Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A. The style adopted is that familiar in Cheshire and Shropshire, and the picturesque group of buildings includes, besides a riding-school and a spacious coach-house, well-appointed mess-rooms for the retainers.

The clock-tower of the chapel, which forms so prominent a feature in the landscape, contains a peal of twenty-eight bells in connection with a carillon. The chapel itself is a magnificent Gothic structure, elaborately adorned with marbles and mosaics and "storied windows richly light." Its stately proportions, clustered pillars, groined roof, and pavement of "Opus Alexandrinum" well merit the commendation of all who have visited it. The scheme of decoration is a graphic presentation of the "Te Deum." Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, the Holy Church throughout the world, of all ages and climes, unite with the angelic host in chanting the noble hymn, "We praise Thee, O God! We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!"

An interesting experiment has been successfully made in placing pictures in mosaic of the Patriarchs and Prophets of the Old Testament to face the windows of stained glass representing the Apostles of the New Dispensation. Both painted windows and marble panels are marked by cleverly suggestive treatment. To take only one instance: In the compartment under St. Stephen, the first martyr of the New Testament, the grouping of Bishop Patteson, Ridley, and Latimer, with "the candle," Savonarola, and Anne Askew and Rasolama of Madagascar, with the martyrs of the early centuries, Ignatius and Polycarp and St. Agnes, is intended to remind us that martyrdom is not limited as an experience to the ages past and gone, that it includes



EATON: THE GRAND CORRIDOR.

Messina, 1190. Another Robert, Lord of Hulme, did good service in the memorable battle of Crécy.

There is more direct evidence on record for the antiquity of the Grosvenor family than is often to be obtained in the pedigrees of those who claim to have "come over with the Conqueror," owing to the notable heraldic dispute of the fourteenth century between Sir Richard le Scrope and Sir Robert le Grosvenor as to the right of bearing "a shield azure with a bend or." The Earl Marshal's commissioners took evidence in various towns, and the case was carried over several years. This incident forms the subject of the sculptured panel on one of the chimneypieces in the Central Hall. King Richard is on his throne, having on his right and left the claimants, each with his witnesses. Among Le Scrope's supporters are Hotspur, Chaucer, John of Gaunt; while the Abbots of St. Werburgh, Norton, and Combermere, and the noblest



EATON: THE WEST FRONT AND CHAPEL.

both sexes, and that it is by no means true that sacrifices are not still demanded as tests of Christianity.

A long corridor, part of the house built at the commencement of this century, leads to the State apartments. One of these, the ante dining-room, between the dining-

"is a privileged dialect in Parliament. But Greek! It would not at all have been more startling to the usages of the House had his Lordship quoted Persic or Telugu."

The saloon has for its principal decoration the finely conceived representation by Mr. H. Stacy Marks, R.A., of Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims," which runs round two sides of the apartment. The picture is instinct with life, and presents a pleasing variety of outline and action. The same power of individuality and sense of proportion which marked the great poet's work has been successfully emulated by his brother artist in the nineteenth century. While Chaucer has adapted with wonderful skill the subjects of the several narratives to the character and condition of life of the narrators, employing for each a suitable style of language and proper difference of dialect, Mr. Marks has succeeded equally in assigning the animal proper to the station in life of his rider, and in presenting each in a different position. No two are alike in colour, trappings, or in movement. The Miller, who heads the cavalcade, jogs along on his Roman-nosed, ill-conditioned jade in front of the Knight's noble charger. The Wife of Bath's dun horse, with handsome arched neck and small neat head, and the Merchant's chestnut are excellent contrasts to the animal ridden by the Shipman, which is in poor condition and looks the worse because his rider fails to show him off. The Monk prances on his well-groomed steed by the side of the ambling palfrey of the Lady Prioress. The Cook's horse stands still, the Squire's curvets and kicks up the dust. The whole is a masterly exposition of a great poem, well worthy of the subject which inspired it, and of the noble house which it adorns, and in an especial degree appropriate for a house the members of which were for generations famous for their love of horses, and of which the present head is, among other distinctions, known as having bred Ormonde, the great horse of the century.

The room opening from the saloon is called the "Bird Room," from the assemblage of gay portraits from the "Zoo" which Mr. Marks's unrivalled skill has made to breathe and live upon its walls. The cranes and the adjutants, the flamingoes and the storks, form no mere regiment of long legs and long beaks to weary the eye by monotonous repetition. As with the horses and their riders in the saloon canvas, so here the birds are in various attitudes and have all a character of their own, as if they had all stood each for its own portrait. Some we see standing on one leg, with the other leg either raised daintily a little from the ground, or tucked up comfortably under the body.

The library, at the end of this suite of apartments, is an entirely new room, of handsome proportions, with a frieze of inlaid work of roses in mother-of-pearl and leaves of boxwood. Besides the 12,000 volumes which fill the shelves the library contains numerous works of art. Perhaps the most noteworthy are the well-known pictures, "Take away that Bauble" and "The Death of Wolfe," two of a series of five historical pictures painted for the first Earl Grosvenor by Benjamin West, the Quaker painter from Pennsylvania, who became President of the Royal Academy in 1792. This latter picture is especially interesting as making an epoch in art, being the first in which any painter of "high art" ventured to dress his characters in the modern garb of European warriors, instead of the classic costume of antiquity, which had always hitherto been deemed correct.

On the left of the grand staircase are hung some valuable specimens of fluted and richly inlaid armour, and facing it, in the grand corridor, are two pictures of the Rubens Collection, "The Adoration of the Magi" and the "Fathers of the Church." The last-named, a curiously dark-toned picture, painted originally for a Carmelite convent, near Madrid, was carried off with six others by the French in 1808. The wagon in which they were being conveyed broke down in a muddy ditch; and some of the pictures rolled out into the water, and were not improved thereby. After divers experiences, this one was bought in 1818 by the first Marquis of Westminster.

The pleasure-grounds surrounding the Hall are set out on a scale in accordance with the grand dignity and



EATON CHAPEL VESTIBULE.

magnificence of the interior. The cloister, which is carried in front of the dining and drawing rooms, is raised some fifty feet above the level of the river Dee, and below stretches a succession of terraces extending to the ornamental water in connection with the river. At the northern end of the principal terrace is an elegant structure with a dome covered with vitreous mosaic, commonly called the "Temple," without, however, serving any higher purpose than that of sheltering some busts in variegated marble of Roman Emperors. At the opposite end of this terrace is a building in which is placed a Roman altar dedicated by the 20th Legion to the Nymphs and Fountains, found at Boughton, near Chester. Traces of a Roman road have been found close by this; constructed here and there on piles, owing to the marshy nature of the ground, and crossing the river by the ford which gives its name to the neighbouring village of Aldford.

Such in brief are some of the features of the great mansion of the present head of the Grosvenor family. The contrast between the Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, of 1066 and his lineal descendant aptly illustrates the changed character of the times in which we live. In addition to all the commanding influence and extensive possessions and



THE GRAND SALOON, EATON.

ardent love of field sports of the great Norman, we now, with gratitude and admiration, behold the high example of a pure and simple life, the peace-loving, amiable disposition, the unceasing care for the interests and comforts of the poor and the suffering, the desire for the social and religious improvement of his countrymen in all parts, and the large-hearted, unstinting, and in many cases secret generosity in support of all worthy objects which are such marked characteristics of the Hugh Lupus, Duke of Westminster, of 1894.



STATE STAIRCASE AND ARMOURY, EATON.

room and the saloon, contains a collection of family portraits, the place of honour being held by that of Sir Thomas Grosvenor, to whom reference has already been made. Another portrait is that of Robert, first Marquis of Westminster, the friend and warm supporter of Mr. Pitt. He is styled by Peter Pindar "the Lord of Greek," because he once startled the House of Commons by introducing in his speech a quotation from Demosthenes. "Latin," says Dr. Quincy, in his amusing account of the incident,



THE CHAPEL, EATON.



EATON HALL, CHESTER, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.



PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK. MARRIED TO LADY MARGARET GROSVENOR.

Portrait by Mr. J. Russell, of 17, Baker Street, Dec. 6, 1891.



LADY MARGARET GROSVENOR, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, MARRIED TO PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK.

From a Photograph taken at Eaton Hall, Dec. 6, 1894, by Mr. J. Russell, of 17, Baker Street.

NOVELS, NATIONAL AND LOCAL.

BY ANDREW LANG.

An audacious critic in the *Nation* (of New York) has been speaking his mind to the novelists of his country. They want waking up, he says, and he stirs them into a more lively industry by assuring them that the Americans prefer the British to the native article in fiction. Five English novels, this year, have been far more popular in the States than any American romance. Of these, "Trilby" is one—delightful Trilby, for whom one can never be too grateful to Mr. Du Maurier. "Trilby" is not a novel of adventure, or of history, or of emancipation, or of analysis. It is just a charming book, and we fall in love with the heroine, though I admit that, had I been Little Billee's mother, my conduct would have been identical with her own. The penitent Magdalen, as Mr. Swinburne says, is overdone; but here is a creature so winning that we pardon her penitence. As to *Gecko* being copied from Mr. Bowes, in "Pendennis," the resemblance never occurred to me, and I do not think it is at all striking or essential. Of the other four triumphant British novels I forgot the name of one, and three I cannot read: if I had to review them I would read them, of course, but not for pleasure. Still, the Americans like them better than home industries of the same kind, and this is galling to a literary American patriot. But what is to be done? An author does what he can, "and the Men of the Merse can do no more." The position is that we English read French and English novels, the French read French but not English novels, and the Americans prefer the English to the American. The critic in the *Nation* thinks that Americans write too much and too rapidly. The gestation of a "Manxman," or of a "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," is said to be prolonged, like that of the elephant, and, I fancy, difficult and painful: I do not say, like Dr. Johnson, that "I wish it were impossible." But a good novel need not occupy a long time in the composition. "Guy Mannering" was knocked off in six weeks, and two volumes of "Waverley" in three weeks. I doubt if "Lord Ormont" will outlast these hasty effusions. Pace is not the essential question; nay, if it comes to writing "Lord Ormont" or "The Manxman," I am positively certain that Sir Walter could not have done either of them in the whole course of his active existence. Some people write fast by nature, some people write slow. Mr. Meredith could not do "Quentin Durward," if he tried the plan of turning it out in six weeks, any more than Scott could have accomplished "Lord Ormont" in sixty years.

Doubtless a man may overwrite himself, but there is also much advantage in striking while the iron is hot. I would not be understood as desiring three "Manxmen" annually; I would be the very last to bid some writers over-hurry themselves. Nay, they might take as long to a novel as an Oxford Don takes to an edition of the "Ethics" without provoking from me one impatient remark. On the other hand, if Mr. Stevenson could do a novel once a week, he would only add to my innocent felicity. Let us leave authors to their own methods, and permit them to take their own time. Hurry no publishers' author, nor bid him put on the drag. If he does not amuse me, nothing compels me to read him. There is no "duty" in the matter, as many ladies fondly suppose. Ah! if one could only establish in the female breast the superstition that to read one is a "duty," how rich one would grow!

The critic of the *Nation* announces, to my joy, that the patriotic effort to found a purely American school of fiction is a failure. The public do not care whether a novel is American or Lithuanian, if only it interests them. American miners, old maids, "dudes," stockbrokers, backwoodsmen, Negroes, Creoles, talking in all manner of hideous dialects, do not concern the American public

so nearly as Marcella, Trilby, Aminta, and the Manx woman. It is not nationality they care about, but interesting tales; and, given the genius, you might write an interesting tale about the loves of the Patagonians, the Israelites, the Prussians, or the Cappadocians. Colour, language, religion, nationality, have nothing to do with the matter. A tale

author of the "Bonnie Briar Bush" make an excursion into the Stewartry? May Mr. Crockett try to annex an outlying province of Forfarshire? Some critics raise a charge of "thrumming," as if all Scotland, from the Esk to the Naver, were a portion of the domains of the Elector of Kirriemuir. Mr. Crockett and the "Briar Bush" author, and a dozen others, are so many piratical Fredericks the Great, who get up early and snatch at Silesia. One might as well say that a Norfolk novelist was filching a slice of Mr. Hardy's "Wessex." As long as the public will read local novels (not because they are local but because they are readable) every mortal has a right to try his luck. If I think that I can do a tale on the humours of Hawick (which may the saints forbid!) am I to be stopped by a shout of "thrumming"? The country is, for romantic purposes, open to free selectors, and anyone may compose a fiction about Rogart who thinks he can treat the topic with success. That I, for one, turn with enthusiasm to fresh preceptors and ministers new, I cannot allege. I am not greedy for more United Presbyterian romances. But then I do not represent the great public, which may have an insatiable appetite for Elders and for "the Minister's man." We should let Evolution take her course, for she will do it whether or no.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The series of theological lectures to the clergy will be continued this year at Oxford. The arrangement was suggested by the great success of the Mansfield College School, which both at Oxford and Cambridge has been found very useful and helpful.

There is great satisfaction alike among Churchmen and Nonconformists at the appointment of the Rev. Charles Gore to a canonry in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Gore has cultivated friendly relations with men of all schools, and is deeply respected by many whose theological opinions are very far removed from his. With Mr. Gore, Canon Wilberforce, and Archdeacon Farrar, Westminster Abbey must be considered very strong in preaching power, while St. Paul's has been decidedly weakened of late years.

The appointment of Prebendary Stephens to the Deanery of Winchester is also generally popular. Although he is best known to the public as the biographer of his father-in-law, Dean Hook, it should be known that the Dean has done scholarly work in Church history, and his biography and translations of Chrysostom are works of recognised value.

The biography of Dean Church has appeared, and is full of interesting and attractive matter. It contains many letters from Dean Church to Professor Asa Gray, the eminent American scientist. The story

that Mr. Gladstone practically offered the Archbishopric of Canterbury to Dean Church on the death of Archbishop Tait is confirmed. I hope to notice this book at more length next week.

A monument to the late Bishop Harold Browne has been unveiled in Winchester Cathedral. The Bishop's widow expressed her great admiration of the faithful likeness of her late husband. The cost has been, in round figures, about £1000.

A third volume of reminiscences by "A. K. H. B." has appeared. Though pleasant and amusing, it is not so good as its predecessors, and doubts are expressed whether it was wise to publish the remarks made in private conversation by eminent Churchmen of one another.

I am glad to learn that a new volume of sermons by the Rev. Dean Paget, the Dean of Christ Church, will be published by Messrs. Longmans.

The new Vicar of Windsor, the Rev. H. H. J. Ellison, was married to a daughter of Archbishop Tait. She died about five years ago, deeply lamented. Her brightness and her deep religious feeling are well remembered among a very large circle of friends.

The Bishop of Rochester is now in much better health, and is able to fulfil his numerous engagements.

The Church papers express regret at the acrimony of the correspondence between the Rev. C. N. Gray and Lord Grimthorpe. One journal thinks that the Chancellor is *facile princeps* in the art of polite letter writing. V.



MRS. YATES, THE MAYOR OF ONEHUNGA, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND,
THE FIRST LADY EVER ELECTED MAYOR.

The colony of New Zealand, which recently bestowed the Parliamentary franchise on duly qualified electors of the fair sex, has also made it legal for women to hold any municipal offices; and the town of Onehunga has elected Mrs. Yates, the first lady so preferred in the British dominions. Onehunga is distant but eight miles from Auckland, across the narrow isthmus of the North Island. It is a flourishing little town of three or four thousand people, mostly engaged in the timber trade.

interests you or it does not, and no patriotism will make a free people prefer what they do not like. This is a great truth, and leaves a novelist, American or Mongolian, with a fine freedom.

Local novels are "in" just now. Mr. Barrie, in this country, brought them in. Just as an American takes Louisiana or all Tennessee for his province, Mr. Barrie took a Forfarshire village, and everyone hung upon his words. Thereafter other authors took other parts of North Britain, and the extraordinary thing is that they all do very well. How far is poaching permitted? May the



WRECK OF THE CHINESE CRUISER "YANG-WEI," AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

Facsimile of a Sketch by Lieutenant A. Wyld, R.M.L.I., H.M.S. Leander.

This ship caught fire in the battle of the Yalu, on Sept. 17, and was run ashore, where she burned herself out. Her upper deck is totally destroyed, and from her armoured deck upwards she is nothing but a shell.

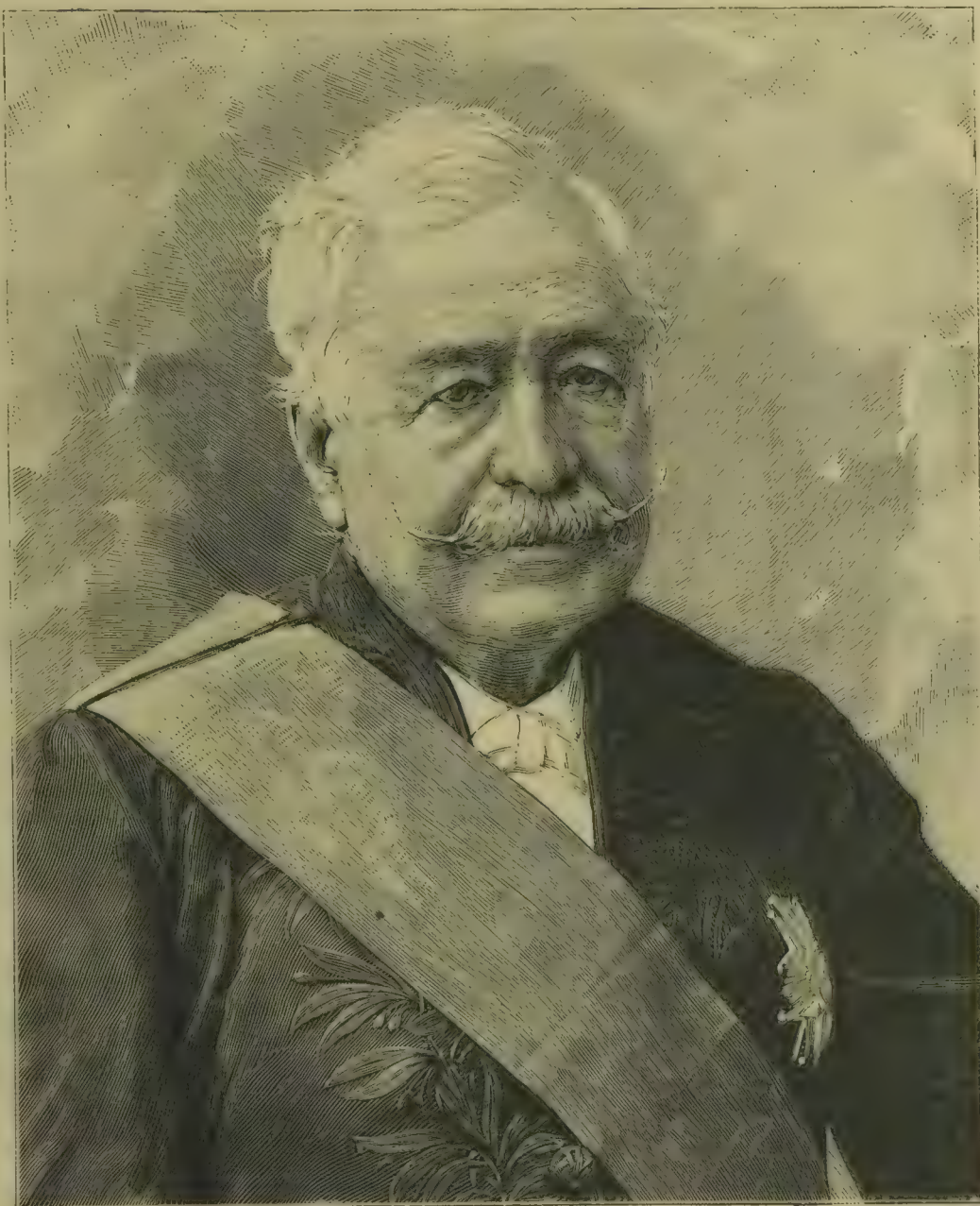
FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Everyone but his wife and children says how unfortunate it was for M. de Lesseps that he did not die fourteen years ago. The title of "le Grand Français" conferred on him by Gambetta was then fresh, and would have kept fresh for centuries. The Panama enterprise must have failed. But all who invested their savings in it would have kept saying until the day of their death: "Had Ferdinand de Lesseps but lived we should now be all right." M. de Lesseps was wrongly supposed, since he undertook the making of the Suez Canal, to be an engineer. He never, in geometry, crossed the *Pons Asinorum*, and did not know the four cardinal points of the compass when he stood for the last time—and successfully—for a University B.A., which a board of examiners at Arras gave him because the bishop asked them to do so. His education after he left the Henri Quatre High School was consular—a much more diplomatic service in France than in England. Father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, all active, enterprising, astute, and ready-witted men, were in that service, and probably other earlier ancestors. The qualities they developed in a legitimate course of espionage, sedition-sowing, over-reaching and currying favour with Orientals and Russians, became intensified in M. de Lesseps. If it had not been so, the Suez Isthmus might still have no maritime canal. Diplomatic genius was his first great weapon. The second great instrument was the Empress Eugénie. It may be said that her work in the world was, first, to enable M. de Lesseps to make the canal; and secondly, by precipitating the war of 1870, to prevent France from deriving from it all the advantages which Lord Palmerston had apprehended. No sooner had she served these ends of the power behind evolution than she and all the Bonaparte family, whose power she borrowed, were roughly swept from the stage of history, to clear it for another set of players.

The chain of sequence in the events that produced the Viceregal family of Egypt, M. de Lesseps, and the Empress Eugénie, is an astounding one when looked into. But it is less so than the dovetailings and interlinkings of their several destinies. What could statesmen or political soothsayers have expected in 1830 of Mahomet Ali, Ferdinand de Lesseps, or Eugénie de Montijo, the two-year old daughter of a Spanish Countess who had then a rather funny reputation at Madrid? Yet they were to be the great agents in changing the trade-currents of the world, to bring Asia close to Europe, and, it may be, of facilitating the submersion of the European by the yellow race!

Martin Lesseps, great-grandfather of Ferdinand, was consul at different towns in India, and in diplomatic relations with the native princes whose States Louis XIV., and later the French East India Company, aimed at seizing. His grandfather, Barthélémy de Lesseps, who was made a baron, was sent as consul to Cronstadt, while still in his teens, to win the confidence of Catherine II. and see what there was in her plans. Mathieu de Lesseps, Ferdinand's father, spent his youth among Levantines and Spaniards. When scarcely more than



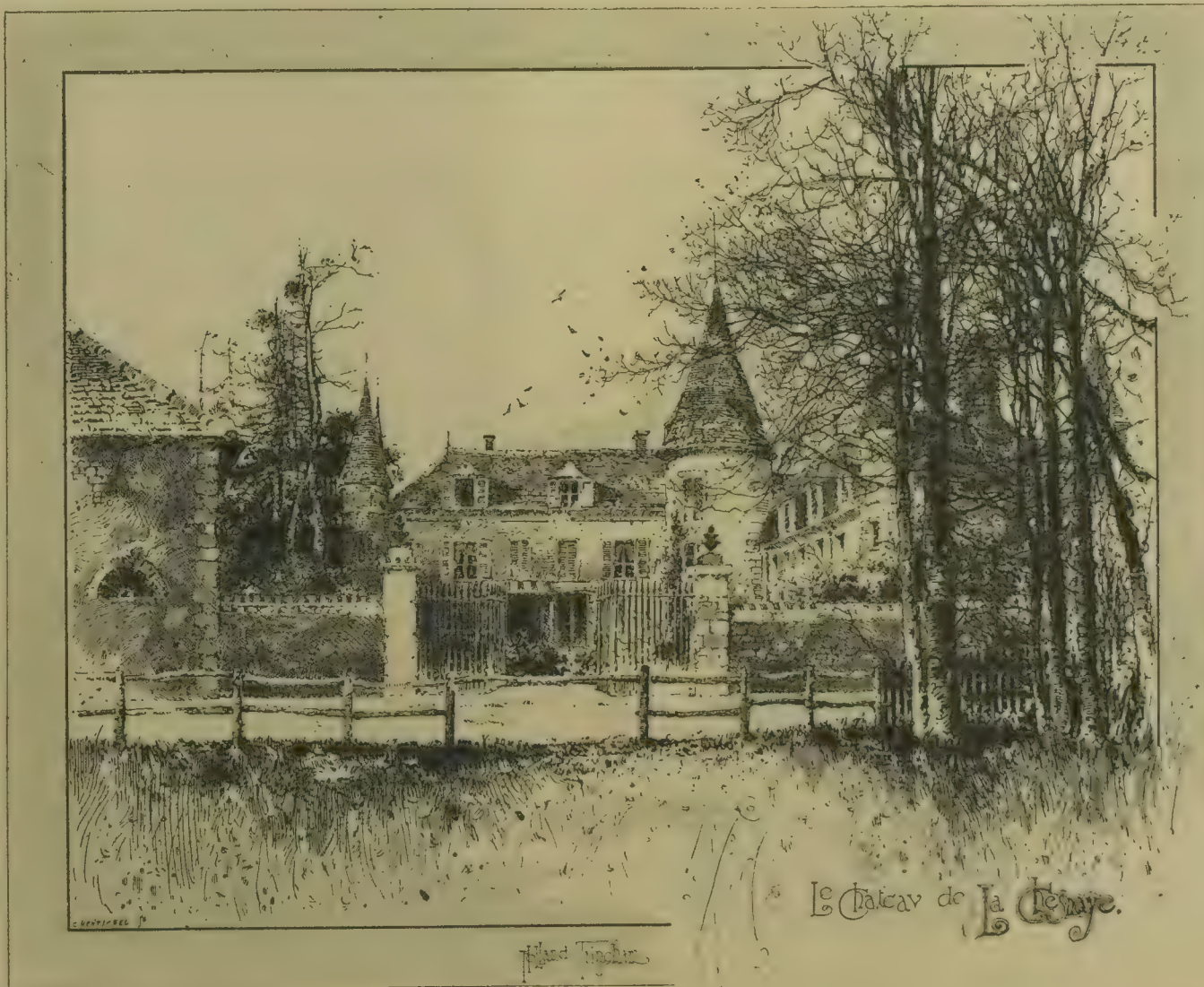
THE LATE M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

a boy, he filled a consular post in Egypt. Mathieu de Lesseps, as diplomatic agent, army contractor, and otherwise, won the favour of Napoleon. He shared Napoleon's downfall, but soon got from under the cloud, and was sent on a mission to Egypt and then to Tunis. Ferdinand went with him and made the acquaintance of Mahomet Ali, who

shaping itself more clearly. The scheme was ripe for execution in 1854, when Said became Viceroy. M. de Lesseps then started off at once for Egypt, got the concession, came back to finance it, but had fresh giants to slay. Palmerston opposed him, and Rothschild wanted a lion's share to float the scheme in the money market. The

Empress Eugénie's ready help defeated all opposition, even that of Ismail when he succeeded Said and had bribed De Morny to circumvent M. de Lesseps. She took a deservedly proud precedence at the inauguration of the canal. In 1870 the Empress was an exile. The last friend that remained to her at the Tuileries was her cousin Ferdinand de Lesseps. The grandmother of Eugénie and his mother were sisters, daughters of M. Grevigny, a Belgian merchant at Malaga; one married the French consul there, Mathieu de Lesseps; the other married Mr. Kirkpatrick, the American consul.

M. de Lesseps was too much with Levantines not to be Orientalised. He had Oriental sobriety, kindness, hospitality, piety, and unscrupulousness as to means. I think his vanity, high spirits, and want of money drew him into the Panama adventure. He has died attended by his wife, eldest son, and daughter. The other sons were absent.



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

PICTURES IN THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

ART NOTES.

The outcome of Mr. Sutton Palmer's "sunshiny temper," as Mr. Ruskin once described his atmospheric effects, is to be seen in a collection of water-colour drawings of "Woodland and Water" now on view at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery. During the past three years Mr. Sutton Palmer has wandered over England and Scotland picking out many delightful spots, which prove how varied and inexhaustible are the beauties our own country affords to pilgrims in search of the picturesque. Mr. Palmer's work, which has little in common with that of the essentially "moderns," has the defect of its qualities. He is always pleasing, never disturbing, and there is not a single picture in this exhibition which would not be an agreeable feature on a drawing-room wall. But, on the other hand, all the drawings are marked by what our Transatlantic cousins would call a "slickness," which when repeated a hundred times becomes somewhat monotonous. In a word, Mr. Palmer is an exceedingly clever artist, who understands his medium thoroughly, but is deficient in those imaginative qualities which can translate a landscape or make its key-note the theme of his own melody.

The Bavarian Society of Art Industry, which played a prominent part in organising the display of German art productions at the Chicago Exhibition, has wisely placed on record the results of its efforts. The survey of the past and present condition of art industry in that country has been entrusted to Professor Gmelin, who holds an official position in connection with art instruction in Munich. The text of his elaborate treatise is profusely illustrated by reproductions of works exhibited at Chicago, and the result

is a handsome volume (M. Schorss, Munich), which will be of considerable value to the English importer of German art products. In domestic articles it is not often that English and German tastes coincide, but in matters such as hammered brass and iron-work, glass-blowing and painting, and especially wood-carving, there are too many important instances of old German supremacy

of a graceful girl, who is enjoying a short spell of delicious idleness after the labours of filling her flower-basket. The other, "A Dangerous Introduction," in which we have, perhaps, the younger and more energetic sister, shows the truth of the old saying about the uses of "idle hands," for it is evident by the cat's eager attitude that he intends that this introduction shall ripen into closer acquaintance. Messrs. Frost and Reed (Bristol), who have purchased the latter picture, are having it engraved, and it is only by their permission that we have been able to reproduce it. The child's simple and unaffected pose, as well as the excellent draughtsmanship of the work, will make it a popular favourite, especially with those whose sympathies lean towards the domestic cat. For dog-lovers, at the same time, Messrs. Frost and Reed have catered with a clever rendering of Mr. Herbert Dicksee's "Silent Sympathy," which, as an oil painting, attracted a good deal of notice at the Royal Academy exhibition of this year. The subject, a girl in one of the troubles of early youth, which we then think so serious, is seated on the rug before the fire, of which the flickering light is reflected on her face and dress. A fine old deerhound, who probably understands these griefs even better than bipeds, has crept up beside her and is offering his broad back as a resting place and



"JUNE."—BY J. HAYNES-WILLIAMS.

to allow us to close our eyes to the excellence of much modern work in the same branches.

Mr. Haynes-Williams occupies among the members of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours a prominent place as a figure-painter. In the present exhibition he is represented by two pictures. Of these two—both here reproduced—"June" represents the figure

his shaggy head as a consolation to his little mistress in her trouble. The picture is well conceived, and the etching more than usually successful, under conditions which might have made failure excusable. Among the other figure-painters in the Institute whose work is well worthy of reproduction is that of Mr. Frank W. W. Topham. As a rule he chooses his subjects in the Sunny South—in the Campagna of Rome or among the muleteers of



"MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE."—BY JAMES CLARK.



"READY FOR THE FRAY."—BY G. G. KILBURNE.

PICTURES IN THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

the Sierras, but his "Lent Lilies" are thoroughly English in spirit and treatment—the woods breathing the fresh spirit of spring. Mr. G. G. Kilburne is one of the most accomplished *genre* painters of a school which unfortunately has but too few followers. His pictures are always carefully executed, his costumes tastefully chosen, and his characters tell a complete story. Mr. J. Sheridan Knowles turns more distinctly to pastoral subjects, working in the open air and studying rural life as it is; and Mr. James Clark furnishes us with a very different, but to some eyes more attractive, "flower of the field," on which care and cultivation have not been thrown away.

It would be, perhaps, a slight exaggeration to say of the unassuming little volume, "Un Siècle de Modes Féminines," issuing from the hitherto irreproachable firm of Charpentier (Paris), (with every external furtherance), "that it is of such internal quality as to set Neglect at defiance." Nevertheless, this pretty little book, in which there is only one halfpennyworth of letterpress to some four hundred excellent coloured illustrations, will prove, like the more weighty work of Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, "interesting alike to the antiquary, the historian, and the philosophic thinker," and, we might add, to the artist. The century of costume of which this attractive volume gives us the survey extends from 1794 to the present time—from the stormy days of the first French Revolution down to the prosperous times of the Third Republic. Each year has apparently been marked by some innovation, as shown in the three or four specimens of each year's fashions. How far ladies' dress is affected by external influences, and to what extent they reflect the manners and tone of existing society, is a point on which Herr or Frau or Fräulein Teufelsdröckh can discuss at their pleasure. To the ordinary observer, turning over the pages of this little book, the plain lesson which it conveys to the mere man is that ladies'



A DANGEROUS INTRODUCTION: "HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER!"—BY J. HAYNES-WILLIAMS.

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dressess tend to become slight and clinging towards the end of the century, and round and full towards the middle. There is an obvious resemblance between the fashions of the present day and those of the Directoire. Whether any ethical basis can be given for the extraordinary hideousness of the costumes which prevailed from 1825 to 1840 we cannot decide. Severe as the tone of society was as compared with that of the Consulate and Second Empire, it must not be forgotten that in the middle of the previous century the age of "paniers" corresponded with that of the most dissolute period of the Regency; while crinoline, the creation of the Second Empire, was not contemporaneous with a stern Stoicism in public or private life.

Mr. Charles Wood's musical setting of "Iphigenia in Tauris," produced recently at the Royal Theatre, Cambridge, has merits which work of its class does not often possess. It has a personal note in it; Mr. Wood has tried to think out for himself an appropriate musical point of view, and, to a quite remarkable extent, he has succeeded in his undertaking. There is certainly a restlessness and an irregularity about his work which can scarcely be called classical, and doubtless, in this respect, Dr. Parry and Professor Stanford, who have been responsible in recent years for the musical settings of other Greek plays at Cambridge, must be judged to have achieved greater results than Mr. Wood has been able to accomplish. The interlude of the "offering" in the first act is a genuinely sweet and musicianly composition, while the great chorus in praise of Greece has in it the elements of high promise and considerable beauty. The production is a very satisfactory piece of musical work indeed, especially for so young a man. If Cambridge continues to produce such men as these with any fertility, we shall soon regard that University, from the musical point of view, quite seriously.



"A HELPING HAND."—BY G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.



"LENT LILIES."—BY FRANK W. W. TOPHAM.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Between the beginning of '80 and the end of '86, I saw a good deal of Ferdinand de Lesseps. I was not altogether a stranger to him, for he had known some of my relatives who had become Parisians by adoption; hence he treated me more cordially than he treated the majority of journalists, and often told me things which, though not important in themselves, threw curious sidelights on the great achievement of his life. During the earlier part of that period to which I allude he lived in the Rue St. Florentin, and though I went once or twice to his house, our more informal chats generally took place in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel.

I have never heard Ferdinand de Lesseps directly say a harsh word about anyone; but this lenient judgment of men and things was not absolutely due to a generous disposition, although there was not much gall in his nature at the worst of times. The lenient judgment sprang, in his case, from a thorough knowledge of the world and a consequent conviction that the balance of good and evil in the human heart must inevitably be upset at times in favour of evil by business transactions. "If a man," he said once, "wishes to remain thoroughly free from the baser motives that sway human existence, he should refrain from all traffic; and by traffic I not only mean buying and selling in the most conventional acceptance of the words, but enterprise of the highest kind—enterprise which, if successful, will immortalise the projector of it."

"Jenner," he said on another occasion, "stands undoubtedly at the head of the modern benefactors to mankind, but I feel convinced that even Jenner, in the furtherance of the application of his scientific discovery, had to conciliate men whom under ordinary circumstances he would not have allowed to brush his clothes. And if Jenner had to do this in order to gain public opinion for a discovery which affected personally as well as collectively every one of the countless millions of human beings, I leave you to guess what Stephenson and I have had to do in pursuit of schemes the benefits of which were problematical to the greater part of the civilised world, while those who professed to lead, to guide that world were indifferent, if they were not hostile. Yes, I know what you are going to say," he went on, seeing that I had caught his meaning and was going to defend the community to which I belonged—namely, the Press—from his implied attack. "Yes, I know what you are going to say—the world's Press is a great institution. So is the great drainage system of London, but you must not come too near its outlet."

I have often thought, especially since the Panama scandals, that these words were prophetic. Of course, they were not. They were then already based upon stern experience; for, years before the exposure came, Ferdinand de Lesseps must have suffered cruelly at the hands of the blackmailing journalists. Nor could he have defended himself in the end, even if his marvellous powers had remained unimpaired till then. He knew it, for there was little Ferdinand de Lesseps did not know; and his contempt for the greater part of the French Press was unbounded, though he rarely gave expression to that contempt. What he often did say, though, was this: "I would sooner be a poor inventor without a shirt to my back in England and North Germany than a wealthy one in France. In the one case I should stand a chance of getting fair play and the shirt; in the other I should lose not only my wealth and wardrobe, but be asked for my skin besides, in order to have it made into a pocket-book à la Saint-Just for the blackmailing journalist to carry his ill-gotten bank-notes in." Subsequent events proved that he had gauged the situation to its full depth.

It is almost impertinent on my part to insist that Ferdinand de Lesseps was a man of exceptional intelligence, but even men of far less intellectual powers cannot fail to see the utter corruption of the French Press, and from this wholesale indictment there are certainly not more than four papers throughout the whole of Paris which could claim exemption. A couple of months ago, consequently two months at least before the scandal in connection with the blackmailing of clubs came to a head, I wrote in a contemporary a series of articles dealing with gambling and club-life in Paris, plainly hinting at this blackmailing. It was not difficult for me to do, seeing that I have had a long and varied experience of the devices resorted to by the majority of French newspapers to increase their income. The proprietors and editors setting the example, the contributors as a matter of course follow suit, and go "prospecting" on their own account. I will give an instance of each of the systems, withholding names.

About nine years ago, Ismail Pasha imagined that he had a chance of ousting his son Tewfik, as he considered his son had ousted him. He was staying at the Grand Hotel in Paris, and had even bought a high hat in view of his visit to London. One of the principal papers informed him of its intention to write a biographical article, and sent a contributor to interview him. Next evening while I was talking to the ex-Khedive, the contributor called for the second time, with a proof of the article, "in order to see whether his Highness wanted to alter anything." "No," said Ismail, after looking at the proof; "it's all right." Thereupon the contributor handed him a note from the paper for 3000*fr.* Ismail refused to pay it. "In that case the article will not appear, your Highness." "I don't care if it doesn't," was the answer. The article did not appear, but another one did—a decided contrast to the one Ismail had seen in proof.

An important contributor to one of the chief dailies owed his hatter a long bill and money besides. "Give me a notice and I'll hold you quits," said the hatter. Thereupon the contributor penned a glowing account of an accident that had befallen him, and how his hat had been blown into the river without being the worse—nay, the better, for its immersion. He had an urgent appointment, and deputed a colleague to correct his proof. The colleague happened to be in the same predicament with his hatter, so he simply substituted the name of the tradesman he patronised for that of his colleague. With what effect upon the other two I leave the reader to guess.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W E THOMPSON (Smetheott).—Your new contribution shall receive attention. The impossibility referred to is found in the position of Bishop at R sq. and a Pawn at Kt 2nd.

M S G (Holywood).—Thanks for communication.

A MIRECKI (Hackney). Your problem shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2639 and 2630 received from E C Uthoff (Mugan, Queensland); of No. 2642 from M A Eyre (Boulogne), and E Arthur (Exmouth); of No. 2643 from J F Moon, Ubique, E Ellaby, J D Tucker (Leeds), Marie S Priestley (Bangor, co. Down), E G Boys, Segontium (Carnarvon), J W C (Edgbaston), J T Blakemore (Edgbaston), G Bosanquet (Amphill), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), S W F, F J Candy (Croydon), F Leete (Sudbury), and E W Burnell (Edgbaston).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2644 received from J Coad, G T Hughes (Athy), E G Boys, J W Scott (Newark), C E Perugini, Hereward, J D Tucker (Leeds), Edward J Sharpe, T Roberts, Segontium (Carnarvon), J Bailey (Newark), Dal, Martin F, Henry B Byrne, (Torquay), Alpha, E E H, J Dixon, John Reynolds, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), J S Martin (Kiddermister), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), W Wright, R H Brooks, L Desanges, C D (Camberwell), W R B (Clifton), E J F B (Clifton), C Butcher (Botesdale), Shadforth, W R Railem, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W and A Barnard (Uppingham), F Glanville, F Leete (Sudbury), R Worters (Canterbury), Sorrento, H S Brandreth, Dawn, E Loudon, and T G (Ware).

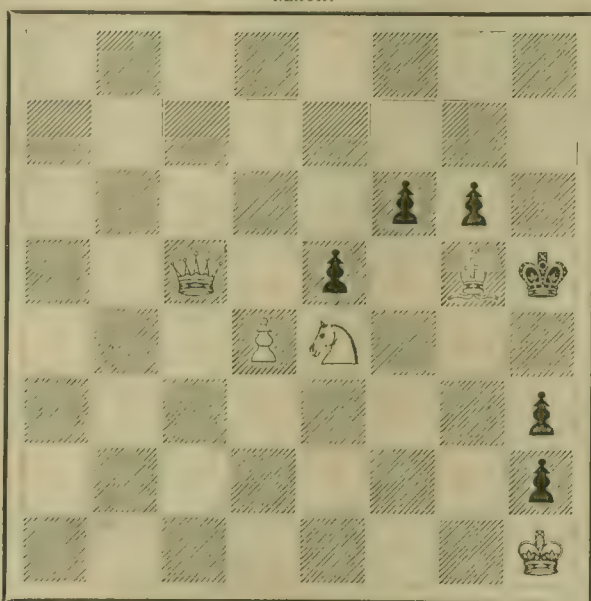
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2643.—By the Rev. A. W. S. A. Row.

WHITE. 1. Q to Kt 3rd
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2646.

By C. W. (of Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LEAMINGTON.

Game played between SIGNOR ASPA and MR. M.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Signor Aspa)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Signor Aspa)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. K to R sq	Kt to B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. Q R to Q sq	P to R 4th
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	21. P to Q Kt 4th	P takes P
4. P to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. P takes P	Kt to R 3rd
5. Castles	Kt to K B 3rd	Rather than this sorry retreat, we would have boldly played K takes P. White's attack would be, anyhow, repulsed, and some light still remain in the game.	
6. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd	23. R to Q 3rd	Q to Q sq
7. P to Q 5th	Kt to Kt sq	24. Kt to Kt 5th	
Kt to K 2nd should have been played. The move in the text is mere waste of time.		An excellent move, against which there is no satisfactory reply. White finishes the game with problematic elegance.	
8. B to K Kt 5th	Castles	25. Q takes P (ch)	R takes Kt
9. Kt to R 4th	B to Kt 5th	26. R to R 3rd (ch)	R to R 4th
This is decidedly bad, and at once gives White the advantage. P to K R 3rd would have equalised the position.		27. R takes R (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
10. B takes Kt	Q to Q 2nd	28. R to R 6th (ch)	K to Kt 4th
11. B to K 2nd	B takes B	29. P to B 5th	K to B 5th
12. Q takes B	P takes B	30. P to Kt 3rd (ch)	R takes P
13. Kt to B 5th	K to R sq	31. P takes R (ch)	K to Kt 4th
14. Q to K R 5th	R to Kt sq	32. P to B 4th (ch)	P takes P
15. Kt to Q 2nd	R to Kt 4th	33. P takes P (ch)	K to Kt 5th
16. Q to R 6th	R to Kt 3rd	34. R to R 4th.	Matte
17. Q to R 4th	Kt to R 3rd		
18. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q R to K Kt sq		

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between MESSRS. SHOWALTER and ALBIN.

(Zukertort's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	A splendid conception, especially as there is no immediate return for the sacrificed piece.	
2. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	21. P to Kt 6th (ch)	K takes R
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	22. Q to R 5th	R to B 4th
4. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	23. Q to R 7th (ch)	K to B sq
5. Kt to K 5th	B to Kt 2nd	24. Q takes P (ch)	K to K 2nd
6. Castles	B to Q 3rd	25. Kt to B 7th (ch)	K to B 3rd
7. P to K B 4th		26. Kt to K 5th (ch)	R takes Kt
Mr. Steinitz notes that after this advance the K P becomes weak.		27. K to K 3rd	K to K 3rd
8. Kt to Q 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	28. B P takes R	B to Q 2nd
9. R to B 3rd	Castles	29. R to K B sq	R to R sq
10. R to R 3rd	Kt to K 5th	30. R to B 7th	R to Q sq
11. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to K B 4th	31. K to Kt 2nd	
12. B to Q 2nd	Q to K sq	The ending is remarkably fine, and Black's helplessness, in spite of his superior force, is a pretty feature. The Pawns win.	
13. Q to K 2nd	Kt takes B	32. P takes P	P takes P
14. Q takes Kt	P to B 4th	33. P to Q R 4th	Q to R sq
15. P to B 3rd	P to B 5th	34. Q takes Q	R takes Q
16. B to B 2nd	Kt to K 5th	35. P to Kt 7th	R to Kt sq
17. Q to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th	36. P to K R 4th	B to Q 2nd
18. K to R sq	P to Q R 4th	37. K to Kt 3rd	B to K sq
19. R to K Kt sq	B takes Kt	38. R to K 7th	K to Kt 3rd
As the Kt could be repulsed by the other, which would remain undisturbed, this exchange is of no use.		39. K to B 4th	B takes P
20. Kt takes B	P to Kt 5th	40. P to R 5th	R to K sq
21. P to Kt 4th	R to R 3rd	41. K to Kt 3rd	K to Kt 3rd
22. B takes Kt	B P takes B	42. R to K 7th	B takes P
23. P to Kt 5th	B to B sq	43. K to B 4th	B takes P
The sacrifice was not foreseen. Otherwise, R to B 4th would have been a good preventive.		44. P to R 5th	R to K sq
24. R takes P		45. P to R 6th	Resigns.

The portrait and biography in the *Chess Monthly* for December are those of Dr. Max Lange, whose achievements in literature, as in chess, it would be impossible to summarise in any brief paragraph like this. As author, player, composer, and analyst he stands in the very front rank of each, while the versatility of his genius has linked his name imperishably with our royal game.

For an inter-club trophy, confined to Ulster, presented by the Belfast Chess Club, three entries have been obtained, and in the first round Holywood defeated Belfast by 9½ to 4½ games.

The London League Tournament continues to engage the attention of Metropolitan players. The following results are to hand: A Division—The Bohemians beat North London by 12 to 8, and the City of London put a stop to the victorious career of the Athenians by winning 12½ against 7½. C Division—Willis Street beat Birkbeck by 4½ to 3½.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

To the Christmas-gift list of last week I must add the charming and often unique goods of Messrs. Hewetson, Milner, and Thexton, of Tottenham Court Road. Their particular specialty is black oak, the old English material, as decorative as it is substantial. Some pieces of the very large stock on show are actual old articles; others are modern, made in the same style. Among the former class may be mentioned the antique Welsh dressers, restored and fitted for use as china-cabinets or dining-room sideboards; also the quaint and curious old oak cradles in which ancestral babies were wont to slumber comfortably, and which now are used to hold logs for the hall or dining-room in winter, and pots of growing plants in summer. In the same antique style are some fine black oak mantelpieces, carved in Jacobean and Elizabethan designs. Among the smaller pieces, suited specially for presents, are some that are quite cheap. There is a really handsome high-backed cane-seated chair, only thirteen and sixpence; a quaint and comfortable little "spinning-chair," a tennis-racquet stand and a stickholder, are other examples. In mahogany there is a good series of dainty inlaid articles; a Chippendale bracket, 5 ft. 3 in. long; and wine-coolers of open work in mahogany, lined with brass, adapted for use as palm-stands; and writing-tables of many varieties, and small show-tables for silver, with glass tops and plush-lined; these are among the articles that would meet the purpose of a Christmas gift. A special writing-cabinet for a boudoir is very compact: it is in dark mahogany, with a brass rod along the top, from which hangs a curtain of red silk; there are convenient arrangements of pigeon-holes and stationery drawer; a writing-lid of red velvet, and two book-shelves are underneath; at either end is a shelf on which a lamp or china can be placed; and the back is arranged so that the piece of furniture can stand out in the room if preferred, for it has a small shelf (on brackets, so as to let down if wished) and a square of silk on which cords are placed to hold photographs or engagement cards.

The Healthy and Artistic Dress Union have had a meeting at Cavendish Rooms to advocate rational dressing and to show articles of attire in accordance with the principles approved by the society. There were some pretty tea-gowns made in the loose style which common-sense and fashion both advocate at present; one in cream crepe-de-Chine embroidered in gold in a Greek key design, and arranged much like a Greek peplos, was undeniably deserving of being called both "artistic and healthy." The first title, however, could certainly not be applied to some hideous, misshapen boots and shoes. A large part of the display was given over to the *separate cylinder for each leg*, which is really the only reasonable method of clothing the lower limbs of biped beings of either sex; which the women of the East do wear and always have worn; and which a very large number of sensible English women are now adopting as petticoats—or rather, in place of petticoats. By far the best, the most comfortable, and the nicest-fitting of these ladies' knickers are those which Peter Robinson's are making. They are tailor-made, with an accurate cut and well-pressed seams, so as to be extremely comfortable in wear. There is nothing like this cylindrical form of clothing for combined warmth and lightness, and I was much interested to hear that over two hundred pairs of ladies' knickers have been sent out by post alone since the beginning of October from Peter Robinson's. The garments are, of course, perfectly unperceivable in ordinary wear, being worn under the dress-skirt. There were similar garments shown by several firms at the exhibition, but most are cut too baggily and shapelessly to be right. Some, however, were very fine—for example, one pair were black satin lined with blue nun's veiling.

Sable is the fur which everybody either has or tries to get imitations of that will pass muster, this season. It is used on dresses both for day and evening wear. The little throatlets ending in the beastie's head are becoming positively common. Even the deep-pointed guipure lace collars and belts that continue to be put on dresses are being outlined with a band of sable. Ermine as a fur for tippets and capes, and even as trimmings for mantles, has proved a failure: it is too conspicuous for London wear and dirties too soon as well; but it is as dear as ever, for it is immensely used for linings, for travelling and driving wraps, and, above all, for opera-cloaks. For these uses, especially for the evening wraps, it is pre-eminently suitable; in fact, quite ideal. Who would not like an opera-cloak or *sortie-de-bal* in a delicate silk or brocade lined throughout with ermine, the same dainty fur making just enough collar to enframe the face, or a hood to draw over the head in passing to the carriage? Another use for ermine is to make vests to wear under zouave jackets or open coats of silk or velvet, or to fit down the centre between folded edges of material, wide at the throat, sloping to the waist. The fur is thin, so that it can be cut to fit the figure well, and the effect is uncommon and good. Caracule, the soft, wavy-surfaced skin of the baby Persian lamb, is very fashionable (dyed black) for coats and mantles, as well as for trimmings on both dresses and wraps. It is, unfortunately, being imitated, very badly and coarsely, in a sort of plush. I cannot understand a lady of refinement buying such a garment as a coat of plush pretending to be fur, or anything else designed to appear at a first glance as if it were of great costliness, but on a single moment's further inspection proving to be only a cheap and not successful imitation. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," the advice of the worldly-wise old Polonius, is good policy and good taste, it being always remembered that the power of the purse should be computed for this purpose with proper consideration for all the other legitimate demands on its resources. But to wear an imitation of costliness is not useful as policy, but the reverse, since it says: "I would if I could, but I cannot afford to wear the real article"; while from the point of view of good taste it is altogether objectionable. Whole dresses of caracule are being made, the skirts quite plain, and the bodies zouave jackets of fur, with a bright velvet vest peeping out between the edges of the black fur. A caracule Etou coat, too, is a delightful possession. Seal-skin is somewhat cheaper than it has been for a few years past; and, of course, it is always desirable.

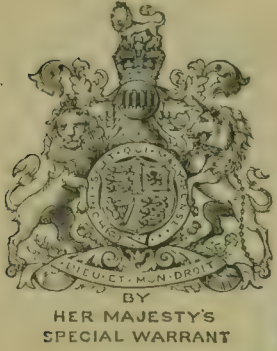
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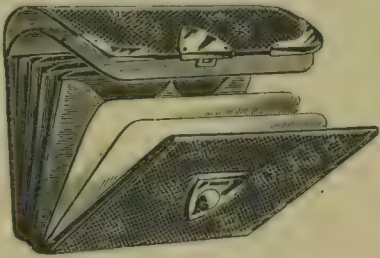
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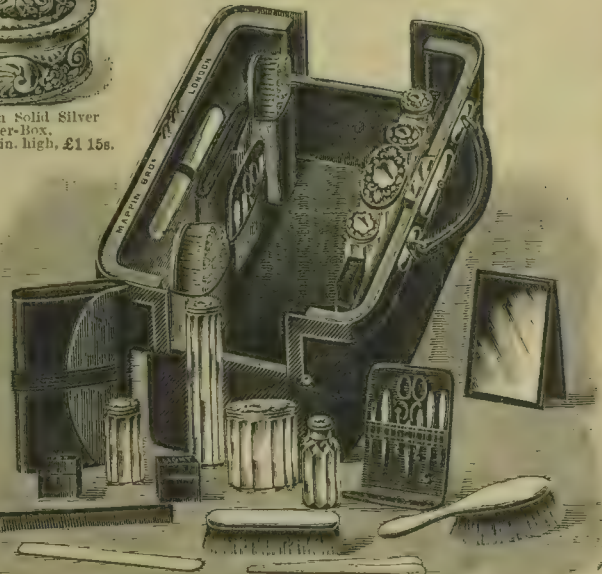
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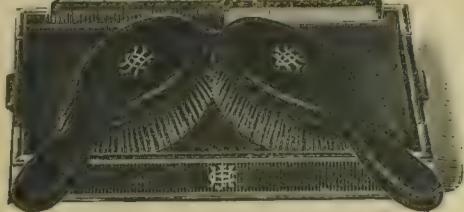
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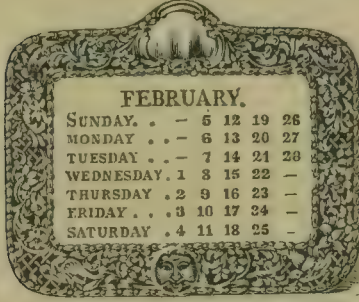
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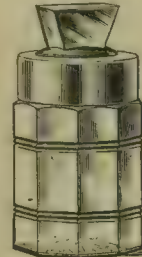
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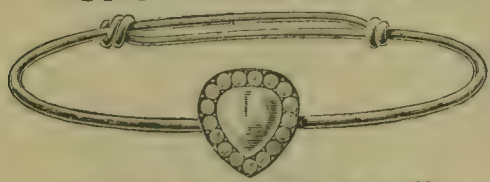
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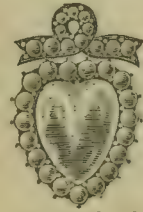


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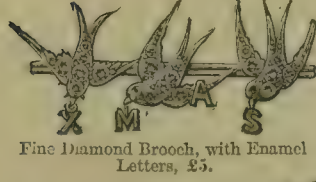
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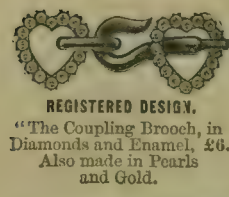
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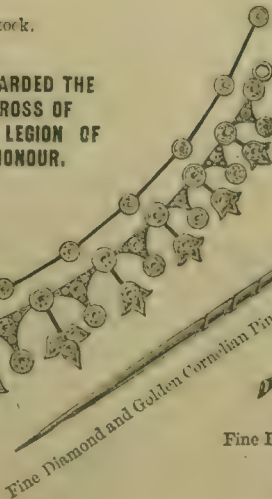
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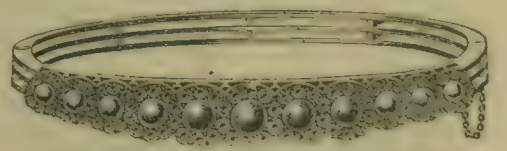
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Fine Diamond and Pearl Half-hoop Bracelet, £50. Ruby or Sapphire Clusters, same price.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Oct. 5, 1893), with two codicils (dated Feb. 12 and July 20, 1894), of the Right Hon. Skelington James, Baron Dunsandale and Clanconal, of 22, Molesworth Street, Dublin, who died on Oct. 26, granted to James Frederick, Lord Dunsandale and Clanconal, the nephew, one of the executors, was revealed in London on Dec. 3, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £90,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to the Irish Church; as to £2000 thereof to be divided between Tuam and Clontarf, as the Irish Church representative body may think best, and £1000 for the general purposes of the Irish Church, as the representative body may think right; £250 each to the Adelaide Hospital and the Hospital for Incurables, Dublin; £200 each to the Church Missionary Society, the National Life-boat Institution, and the Mission to Seamen; £100 each to the Church Education Society, the Clarendon Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £50 each to St. Mark's Ophthalmic Hospital and the National Eye and Ear Hospital; £5000 each to his nieces Florence Daly and Elinor Daly; £1000 to Sarah Peyton; and other legacies. He devises all his landed estate to his nephew James Frederick Daly, the present Baron, and appoints him residuary legatee.

The will (dated April 10, 1884), with four codicils (dated Dec. 4, 1886; Jan. 7, 1888; June 17, 1889; and July 18, 1890), of Mr. Thomas Wells, of Bracondale, Norwich, who died on Oct. 3, was proved on Nov. 21 by Miss Helen Ann Wells, the daughter, and William Robert Cooper, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £86,000. The testator makes various gifts to his children and others; the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son and three daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 27, 1894) of Sir George Rendlesham Prescott, Bart., of Isenhurst, Sussex, and of 9, Clarges Street, Piccadilly, who died on July 30, was proved on Nov. 30 by Dame Louise Franklin Prescott, the widow, Charles William Prescott-Westear, the brother, and John Spencer Chapman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £65,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects, except some articles to his brother to be selected by him, to his wife; £1000 to his daughter, Maude Helen, on her marriage; and an annuity of £250 to Mrs. Emily Thompson. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for five years, and then as to three fourths of such residue for his son George Lionel Lawson Bagot, and as to one fourth for his son Charles William Beeston.

The will (dated May 9, 1894) of Captain William John Brook, formerly 4th Dragoon Guards, late of 15, Blandford Street, Portman Square, and of the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, who died on Sept. 5 at Ramsgate, was proved on Nov. 19 by Mrs. Lucy Farquhar and Edward Johnston Gordon, the executors, the value of the personal estate

amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and his wines and consumable stores to Lucy Farquhar; £300 to his executor, Mr. Gordon; an annuity of £100 to Wilhelmina Danvers during the life of Lucy Farquhar; and £12,000, upon trust, for the said Lucy Farquhar, for life, then for the said Wilhelmina Danvers, for life, and then for her children. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for Lucy Farquhar, for life, and then for Wilhelmina Danvers absolutely.

The will (dated May 10, 1889), with two codicils (both dated Jan. 9, 1890), of Mr. John Humphrey Hunter, of 210, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 25, was proved on Nov. 24 by John Herbert Hunter and Lewis Hunter, the sons, and Alfred Peachey, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. With the exception of a few legacies, the provisions of the will are wholly in favour of testator's wife, Mrs. Caroline Hunter, and his three children, Kate, John Herbert, and Lewis.

The will (dated July 13, 1881), with two codicils (dated July 29, 1887, and Oct. 18, 1893), of Mrs. Caroline Perkins, of 12, Calverley Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Nov. 26 by Francis Cobb, the nephew and acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testatrix gives her leasehold residence, 12, Calverley Park, to her niece, Helen Blackburn; and legacies to relatives and others. The residue of the trust funds under her marriage settlement she leaves, upon trust, for her brother, Bewick Blackburn, for life, then for her niece, Helen Blackburn, for life, then to pay £500 each to the Church Missionary Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society; and the ultimate residue to her great-nieces Mabel, Alice, and Flora Leatham.

The will (dated July 26, 1890) of the Rev. Francis Robert Hepburn, of the Rectory, Chailey, Sussex, who died on Sept. 18, was proved on Nov. 7 by John George Blencowe, Robert Campion Blencowe and Walter Feilde Ingram, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £14,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, pictures, books and effects (except some articles specifically bequeathed and some made heirlooms), horses, carriages, and live and dead farming stock, and £1000 to his sister Miss Charlotte Frances Ann Hepburn; and £200 to his executor Mr. Ingram. The real estate left to him by the will of his late brother, General Henry Poole Hepburn, when it shall come into possession, he leaves to his said sister for life; and then settles the same on his cousin John George Blencowe. The residue of the personal estate left to him by his said brother, when it shall come into possession, after paying thereout a charge on the real estate created by his brother's will, and the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves upon trust for his sister for life, then for the said John George Blencowe for life, and then for all his children.

The will of Mrs. Eliza Hook Leeman (widow of Mr. George Leeman, M.P. for York), late of 11, Via Panigalli, Sturla, Genoa, who died on Sept. 1, has been proved by

Thomas Francis Wood, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000.

The will of Sir Robert Murray, Bart., of 21, Brunswick Square, Brighton, who died on April 15, was proved on Nov. 28 by Mrs. Emily Mary Douglas Lithgow, the daughter, William Henry Ambrose, and Ralph Burch, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £5156.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

The availability of the special cheap week-end tickets issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Dec. 21, 22, and 23, to the seaside will be extended for return up to and including Thursday, Dec. 27.

Special Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe.

On Dec. 22 and 24 extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight, and on Monday, Dec. 24, an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, etc. On Christmas Day the ordinary Sunday service will be run, including the Pullman cheap trains from Victoria to Brighton and back.

On Boxing Day, Wednesday, Dec. 26, day trips, at special excursion fares, will be run from London to Brighton, and from the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, Chichester, Worthing and Brighton to London.

For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments, grand pantomime, etc., extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic.

The Brighton Company announce that their West End offices—28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Friday, Saturday, and Monday, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at Cook's offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze and Son, 142, Strand, and Westbourne Grove; Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Myers' offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakins' offices, 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster; and the Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street.

The value of electric light in saving time and money is shown by a late return of the average time occupied by ships in passing through the Suez Canal. With the electric light the journey is accomplished in eight minutes under twenty hours. Without the light, 31 hours 24 min. is the time usually required.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Designs are exact size, and all Goods sent Free and Safe by Post. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties in Jewellery, Silver, and Electro Plate (3000 Illustrations) Post Free.

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THE NEW CANON OF WESTMINSTER.

The appointment of the Rev. Charles Gore to a canonry at Westminster was almost a foregone conclusion, and it has been received with practically unanimous favour. It was not to be expected that those who disapprove of the work of the Higher Critical school would care to see its most popular exponent launched into the very centre of Church life in London; but their voice is the only discordant note amid the chorus of approbation which Lord Rosebery's latest ecclesiastical selection has called forth. The new Canon will add considerable strength to the preaching power of London, and his appointment will practically turn the balance in favour of Westminster as against St. Paul's. Yet it is only comparatively lately that Mr. Gore has come into prominence. His early career at Oxford seemed rather to suggest the recluse, but when, in 1880, he took up the Vice-Principalship of Cuddesdon College, it was seen that he was a leader among men. His charming and winning personality had a wonderful influence over the students, and the groups of men who gathered round him ready to pay him homage recalled the days of Liddon and Dr. King. He was appointed to the head of the Pusey House in 1884, and for nearly ten years he worked there with a zeal and devotion which knew no bounds. Indeed, many men in Oxford wish he had imposed upon himself certain restrictions; if he had done so he might have preserved his health, but as it is he was compelled to retire last year to the small country vicarage of Radley. In the meantime he had grown famous far beyond the confines of his University. The highly controversial work, "Lux Mundi," of which he was the editor, raised him from the obscurity of a teacher in the schools to the dignity of a popular hero, whose writings even the Modern Girl applied for at Mudie's. Moreover, he was branded as a heretic even by some members of his own party, while "Father Ignatius" travelled to Birmingham to denounce him to his face as a traitor to the faith before the Church Congress. But Mr. Gore does not share this interpretation of the effect of his own writings; and his recent Bampton Lectures on "The Incarnation of the Son of God" breathe throughout a calm, devotional, and reverent spirit. Theology, however, is not the only question upon which Mr. Gore thinks deeply and speaks strongly. At Oxford and elsewhere he has been a leading exponent of the aims and faith of the Christian Social Union, and his sympathy with the democracy is believed to be sound and thorough. The leading facts in his life may be briefly stated. He was educated at Harrow, and passing to Oxford, he quickly won a scholarship at Balliol. He gained a first-class in "Mods.," and also in the final school of Lit. Hum. in 1875. His election as a Fellow of Trinity quickly followed. He was ordained in 1876, and for the first five years of his ministry he engaged principally in tutorial work. In 1880 he became Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College, and in 1884 head of the Pusey House, Oxford, a position he held until last year, when considerations of health obliged him to remove to the vicarage of Radley. He is Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln, has been Select Preacher at Oxford and Cambridge, and is a theological writer of wide repute.



LADY MARGARET GROSVENOR'S WEDDING-CAKE.

The cake is arranged in three tiers, and weighs about two cwt., each tier resting upon pillars. On the lower portion of the cake are views of White Lodge and Eaton Hall. On the second tier are the combined arms of the Grosvenor and Teck families, painted on white silk shields, alternately with cornucopia filled with bouquets of flowers. On the third tier are shields with monograms of the bride and bridegroom and a coronet, while the whole is surmounted by a vase in the form of a nautilus shell, which is supported by Cupids, and holds an exquisite bouquet of flowers with satin streamers. The flowers used in the decoration of the cake are white roses, marguerites, heather, myrtle, etc. The lower cake rests on the beautiful silver stand which is called the Royal Stand, on account of its having been used on so many occasions for royal weddings. Designed and manufactured by Messrs. Bolland and Son, of Chester; photographed by Mr. Morris.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF ORFORD.

The Right Hon. Horatio William Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford, and Baron Walpole of Walpole, and Baron Walpole of Wolterton, in the county of Norfolk, died on Dec. 6. He was born April 18, 1813, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and succeeded his father in the earldom Dec. 29, 1858. He married, Nov. 11, 1841, Harriet Bettina Frances, only child of the Hon. Sir F. B. R. Pellew, and by her had two daughters. He is succeeded by his nephew, Mr. Robert Horace Walpole, who was born July 10, 1854. The new Earl was formerly Captain in the 1st Norfolk Militia.



We have also to record the deaths of—

Admiral Sir Thomas Brandreth, K.C.B., on Dec. 10, aged sixty-nine. He entered the Navy in 1838.

Sir Morgan Morgan on Dec. 6, aged fifty-one.

General Sir Edward Cooper Hodge, G.C.B., on Dec. 10, aged eighty-four. He served at Balaclava, was on board the *Sans Pareil* during the naval attack on Sebastopol, and was also present at the battles of Inkerman and Tchernaya. He was made General in 1877.

The three representatives of shipowners on the Thames Conservancy Board have been elected; namely, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Samuel, Mr. G. Butler Paul, and Mr. C. F. Cory Wright.

The Oxford University Board of Studies has issued its regulations for the examinations, in 1896 and 1897, in the new Final Honour School of English Language and Literature.

The National Skating Association, at a general meeting in London, on Dec. 5, resolved on organising itself with an executive council, of which Mr. W. Hayes Fisher, M.P., is elected the first president, and with local branch committees.

A serious fire, by which much damage was done, took place on Dec. 9 on the premises of Messrs. Unwin Brothers, printers and stationers, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill. Three household fires were caused by upsetting mineral oil lamps, and four persons were badly burned.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Dec. 10 Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye read a paper, in which he gave an account of his recent visit to the Island of Kolguev, in the Arctic Sea north of Siberia, describing its physical formation, its products, and the habits and characteristics of the Samoyede inhabitants.

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A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

It needs no small courage to tackle the reviews now. You know they are given up in large measure to the question of the House of Lords, and when you get more than enough of that from the outpourings of the daily and weekly press, the prospect of it in the monthly periodicals is not attractive. Conceive my joy, therefore, to find Mr. Sidney Low proposing, in the *Nineteenth Century*, by way of variety, the abolition of the House of Commons. Some of us have suffered much from that assembly. I can call to mind many weary hours spent in listening to debates which made one yearn for another Pryde's Purge; and when Mr. Low suggests that we should "take away that bauble," dash the Speaker's wig, and bid six hundred and seventy gentlemen betake themselves to useful occupations, I have a pleasing sensation as of a glutted revenge. Mr. Low shows with great ability the contrast between the ideal and the actual Commons, between the vigilant guardians of the public purse, the legislators whose acts are regulated by intellect and conscience, and the faithful pack who come to heel at the crack of the party Whip, while the public purse is administered at the will and pleasure of certain officials. At the same time, Mr. Low's idea that the government of the country could be carried on quite well without any Commons, and that Ministers could debate their measures with public opinion in the newspapers and on the platform, is scarcely plausible. The country does occasionally understand the salient points of a Bill as discussed by the six hundred and seventy, or rather by the few of them who

have any capacity for public business. But if the complicated details of a piece of legislation were delivered over to the newspapers and to discussion at public meetings, the criticism would be so chaotic that nobody could follow it, and Ministers would be literally irresponsible. However, Mr. Low's article is a refreshing tonic, with which the reader ought to brace himself before plunging into Lord Salisbury's defence of the Peers in the *National Review* and Lord Hobhouse's arraignment of them in the *Contemporary*. I should also advise any Tory who wants a new and original fling at Lord Rosebery to study a diverting paper in the *Fortnightly*, by M. Auguste Filon, who says the Prime Minister as a writer is destitute of semicolons, and as a man is so multiple that no woman ought to take him as a husband. As Lord Rosebery is a widower, this is rather hard, for it seems to suggest that to marry him now would be an act of polyandry!

From the well-beaten track of the critical estimates of Froude—the dramatist, not historian, the constitutionally inaccurate, and so forth—there is a pleasant excursion in Dr. Skelton's personal reminiscences in *Blackwood*. Froude's letters are very breezy, especially one in which he likens his critics to jackasses making fodder of his supposed inaccuracy. Dr. Skelton agrees with Sir Theodore Martin that Froude has been grossly misused in this respect. Mr. Herbert Fisher, on the other hand, gives in the *Fortnightly* a typical instance of Froude's indifference to facts. He once described Adelaide as a city in a valley, with a river winding through

the middle of it and with a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants basking in prosperity. Adelaide is not in a valley, it is not on a river, it has seventy-five thousand inhabitants, many of them in the direst poverty. I wonder whether the outraged topography of Adelaide will prevent its citizens from appreciating Froude's letters, notably the one about the jackasses. Mr. Gosse has a charming paper on Walter Pater in the *Contemporary*. Pater's method of literary composition seems to have exceeded the agony of Flaubert, who, as the *Goncourt Journal* tells us, was fit for suicide when he discovered in one of his books a double genitive. Mr. Stevenson's style, by the way, another product of artistic patience, is treated with much sympathy and discrimination by Mr. Stephen Gwynn in the *Fortnightly*. According to Canon Ainger, in *Macmillan*, there is a signal lack of discriminating criticism just now, especially in the treatment of new poets. Can this be sly humour for the benefit of Mr. Grant Allen, who has lately assured us that he knows the difference between a farthing rushlight on the horizon and a real planet? If we could all see farthing rushlights at such a distance, their illuminating power in literature would be quite sufficient without any planets at all. But what criticism is to be applied to Mr. W. D. Howells as a poet? He has eleven short poems in *Harper's*, and their quality may be not unfairly judged from the first line of one of them—

To get home from some scene of gaiety

The exalted theme is Mr. Howells's satisfaction in taking off his dress-coat. Criticism, as we all know, is never so

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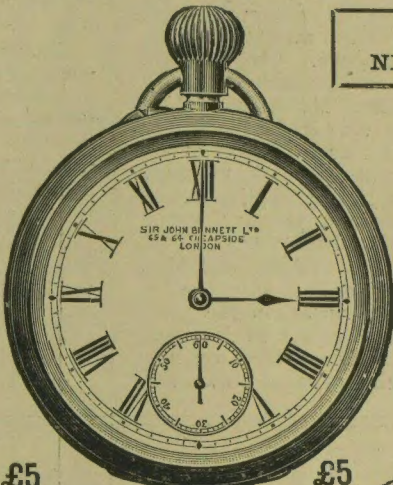
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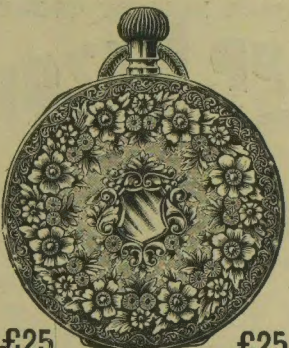
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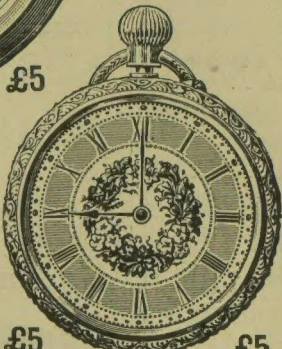
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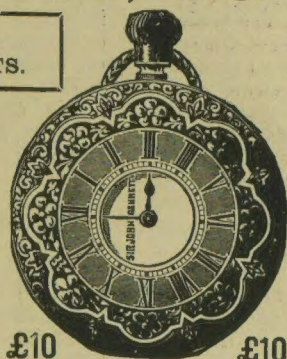


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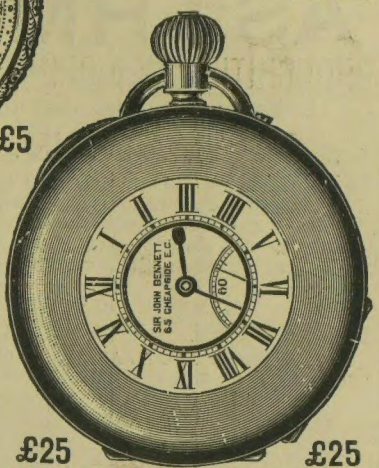
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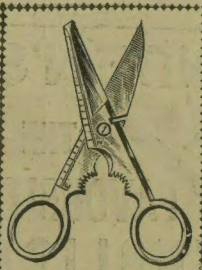
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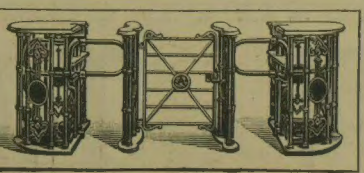
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1894.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1893: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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discriminating as when it deals with the drama, and of this pregnant truth Mr. H. D. Traill offers a striking illustration in the *Nineteenth Century*. He complains of the "problem play," chiefly on the ground that realism on the stage is as conventional as any fairy tale. The realistic playwright is always letting the skeleton out of the cupboard to harass and even destroy the *dramatis personæ*; whereas in actual life that skeleton is never seen and rarely heard of. Does Mr. Traill ever read the newspapers—the *Daily Telegraph*, for example? Does he ever take a stroll in the direction of the Law Courts? Any day between ten and four he will find the approaches to a stately pile in the Strand thronged with skeletons. In the daily papers he will see columns of them. In the course of any casual conversation at his club he will learn that troops of skeletons are at large in the circle of his acquaintance. The comfortable theory that the world goes to bed every night, confident that no grinning skull has escaped from the closet, does not square with the facts. And from the facts a dramatist has a perfect right to select his case, provided that he conducts it according to laws of evidence,

which are just as exclusive of irrelevant commonplace as the laws administered in that stately pile aforesaid.

In fiction the most striking event is, of course, the beginning of Mr. Thomas Hardy's story, "The Simpletons," in *Harper's*. It is too soon to say anything definite of this except that the young woman of Wessex with the coming-on disposition already adorns the scene. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has succeeded in writing an extremely dull story in the *Century* about talking horses. Mr. Andrew Lang says, in *Longman's*, that growing old is "a bad, lazy habit, bred of town life"; but I fear that most of us, in town or country, are not young enough to enjoy overmuch of the loquacious society in Mr. Kipling's Ark. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* there is a pleasant legend by "Q"; and the *English Illustrated* has some excellent stories by Mr. George Gissing, Mrs. Clifford, and Mrs. Margaret Woods. But there is no pathos in all this romance so touching as Mr. David Stott's description in the *Nineteenth Century* of the decline of bookselling in England. The country booksellers, once a thriving class, are now reduced to vending stationery and chimney-piece ornaments,

and the few volumes left on their shelves are mostly worthless. The blame for this decadence Mr. Stott lays heavily on the publishers. The sound of thwacking on those shoulders is music! L. F. AUSTIN.

During the month of November 5057 aliens arrived at ports in the United Kingdom, against 4536 in the same month last year. Of these 2322 were stated to be *en route* for America. In the eleven months ended Nov. 30, 1894, the total number of aliens who landed in this country was 70,306 as against 116,861 in eleven months of last year, and of these 33,823 were stated to be *en route* for America.

The Northampton borough magistrates have convicted two persons of keeping a place for a lottery at the Colonial Stores in that town. The prosecution was undertaken by the Northampton Grocers' Association; and the complaint was that the defendants issued tickets with their tea entitling purchasers to participate in periodical drawings when the prizes were £5 notes. Each defendant was fined £5 and costs. Notice of appeal was given.

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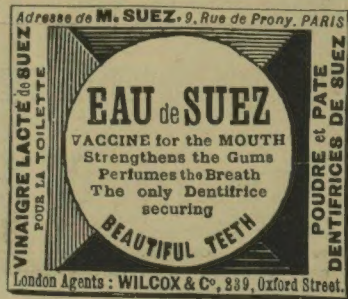
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The eightieth birthday of Prince Bismarck, on April 1 next, will be celebrated all over Germany. The South German papers are discussing additional permanent memorials of the nation's gratitude to that statesman. It is intended to erect a monument to the Prince on the highest summit of the Zugspitz, the highest mountain in Germany.

Many of the correspondents who telegraphed more or less brilliant accounts of the Czar's wedding were obviously indebted for details of the ceremonial to Mr. G. V. Shann's "Book of Needs."

The Dutch Court of Cassation has decided that the Netherlands Social Democratic Association is an organisation opposed to social order and prohibited by law.

In the island of Delos the walls of a private house have

just been excavated by the French School of Athens, which are covered with frescoes of great antiquity and wonderfully well preserved colouring. They represent subjects from mythology and from everyday life, important additions to our knowledge of ancient Greece.

The telephone line between Berlin and Vienna has been officially opened by a conversation between the Emperors William and Francis Joseph, the former speaking from the New Palace at Potsdam, the latter from the Burg in Vienna.

The Empress Frederick intends to reside at her palace in Berlin until the end of January, when she will come to England on a visit to the Queen at Osborne and at Windsor Castle.

The Rev. A. F. W. Ingram, M.A., head of the Oxford House, Bethnal Green, has been appointed Lecturer of

Pastoral Theology at Cambridge for the year 1894-95. Mr. Ingram is one of the most rising men in the High Church party.

The New South Wales Agricultural Department has imported from New Zealand a number of bumble bees, the only insects which really fertilise red clover and enable it to seed freely. The bumble bee was acclimatised in New Zealand some years ago.

The New Zealand Company's mail-steamer *Ruahine* left New Zealand on Nov. 29 with the following shipment for the London market: 320 tons of butter, 220 tons of cheese, and 13,000 carcasses of frozen meat.

Some experiments were recently made in treating separately with lime and proto-sulphate of iron the sludge liquor at the two outfalls for the sewage of London. The results were satisfactory.

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